

NEW SERIES.

VOL. I.

NO. III.

THE
LITERARY UNION:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING."

EDITED BY
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AND
JAMES JOHONNOT.

MARCH, 1850.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
J. M. WINCHELL, PROPRIETOR.

W. L. PALMER, AGENT, SYRACUSE HOUSE.

T. S. TRUAIR, Printer.

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THE LITERARY UNION.

NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1850.

VOL. I. No. 3.

I.

REFORM IN HOUSE-BUILDING.

In this wonderful age of Reform, it sometimes appears to us that men become so enthusiastic in its prosecution, as actually to overlook the most real necessities for their labor. We are overrun with the gigantic schemes of closet-politicians, who weave theories and then endeavor to force the world into their adoption; and the sublime mysticisms of spiritual philosophers who dream dreams of dazzling brilliancy, and never waken to realize that they are only dreams. We have every species of world-betterer, indeed; but mostly they soar into the skies with their philanthropy, delighting men's eyes with beautiful fancies, while their feet are stumbling over the real obstacles of earth. We have listened with charmed ears to the discoursing of sages, since the very infancy of the world. From the Phædon downward to the Book of Mormon, we have fed on spiritual philosophy till we almost imagine, as one school even maintains, that man is all spirit, and our conceptions of material things only a cheat.

This tendency is doubtless correct, because it is natural. We are ourself a disciple of the Grove, in a far broader sense than that of old; we believe that God created Nature as it should be, and that what is truly natural is therefore

A HOME FOR ALL: or, a New, Cheap, Convenient, and Superior mode of Building. By O. S. Fowler. New York: Fowlers & Wells.

VOL. I.

right. But so much of sin and error have crept into the interstices of our wondrous fabric, that it is oftentimes utterly vain for us to attempt a separation of the true from the false. But the belief once established of a thing's naturalness, we claim its truth on the same premises; and this is the point in hand. This human tendency towards the spiritual would seem to be an instinct, founded in our very character; and therefore would we cherish it as an evidence of our divine origin, and a sign that the human soul shall yet work out for itself a destiny worthy its Creator. Yet must we not forget the fetter that binds us to a probationary world, nor slight the warnings which follow the infraction of physical laws. We are placed on a material earth, and bidden to develop and use material agencies during our stay. These, of course, are only means to a higher and spiritual end; but *as* means, we should and must respect them.

It pleases us, therefore, to see occasionally some practical mind set itself to work out a remedy for an existing, physical evil. He has been called a public benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before; would he not be equally so who should preserve one of these blades from waste? Production is not more necessary than economy. In the same way, is he who can secure to men a certain amount of physical comfort at half the usual cost, entitled to the equal gratitude of the race; no matter whether that comfort be of food, or raiment, or shelter from heat and cold and storm.

In looking abroad upon community, many have been struck, of late years, with the miserable organization of society as regards economy and comfort, and, consequently, the development of the higher powers of mind. This is no strong term; any man, who will dispassionately look the world in the face, can see the same. It is filled with prisons and poor-houses, and yet the greatest of criminals roam at large and the most wretched of beggars die in its ditches. From a conviction of these evils, has sprung Socialism, with its truthful premises and false reasonings; and the former are daily forcing themselves upon the public mind, and producing more and more logical conclusions. The day is already, when their truth is acknowledged by many of the world's wisest thinkers, and practically tested by many of its shrewdest operators. And we must not say of these principles that they are dead when an occasional Phalanstery fails, or a popular election in France throws their defenders out of

power. The *idea* has been planted in the mind, and will work out truth. It may not originate another Phalanstery, or elevate the Socialists to office; but on the same premises, other reasonings will be founded, which shall combine more true elements than did the first.

Some of the later conclusions thus hinted at, are found in the movements designed to place the laborer in independence of the capitalist. One of these is the homestead principle, which would secure to each a spot of ground on which to live undisturbed. This, we confess, seems but a clumsy sort of protection; it infers that the capitalist is a wolf and the laborer a lamb, around whom must be built a legal fence for his safety; he is placed on his land, and the law says to the rich man, "You shall not come here; this is your victim's city of refuge, and if he can escape to it, your execution shall not permit you to tear him away." But it is a protection, if the laborer is wise enough and able to secure it; so we will not disparage it.

Another (American) plan, is to give every man a portion of the public lands of the country, who wishes to live on it, and thus avail himself of the advantages of the other. But this is a very limited principle, and will only apply to new States while the public lands remain unappropriated; therefore, it is of little general worth.

Another manifestation is the design of educating all the children, that, becoming intelligent, they may see what is evil and shun it. This is most general, and must be applicable to all countries and states of society; therefore it is most truthful and efficient.

Still another may be found in the desire to give men comfortable homes, and at comparatively slight expense. This, too, contemplates a necessity ever existent, and must be a sound principle of reform.

Various plans are presented to accomplish this end. And verily, when we look abroad upon town and country, and see the wretchedness in which so large a number of our fellow creatures live, we can but feel an anxiety that these plans may prove efficient. If there is any way to enable the man who earns from five to ten dimes a day, to exchange the miserable hut or garret or cellar, whose rent eats up every cent of his earnings not positively necessary to support existence, (and often more) let us have it, in the name of humanity. If you can transform that squalid, starving family, burrowing in some foul hole, and spending all their energies

in efforts to sustain life, into a happy group, well clothed and fed, and housed, and enjoying the advantages of library and school,—for the love of charity, show us the means.

Why, it is perfectly evident that if that family possessed a house of their own, and a little land, industry and health would enable them to realize the last portraiture. Then, why does not its head purchase the land and build the house? He has no money; he might get the land, indeed—land can be found which is both good and cheap;—but in every place, it costs money to build a house, and a good deal of it, too.

But one gentleman* says, "Come to Indiana where I own considerable land, and I will furnish you a small farm at a very reasonable price—only three or four times what I paid—and of such soil as will itself give you material for your house. You may mould it into brick, dry them in the sun, and lay up your walls; if done according to my direction, I will guaranty you a good dwelling." This is very well, so far; but all men cannot go to Indiana, and all farms do not possess soils capable of being thus readily transformed into dwellings. What then?

The land, as we have said, can be purchased cheaply in any State; enough to support a family. And in New York, one individual† gives yearly to indigent persons many hundreds of acres in lots of sufficient size. But having secured the land, where are the two to five hundred dollars necessary to build the cheapest dwelling? To be earned at the rate of a few dimes per day, out of which, too, the family is meantime to be fed, clothed and kept in health, and a rent paid. If he could even build it himself, the poor man might manage the matter; but no; it is a work of science and art, and none but an artist can do it. All artistical labor is costly. And a man cannot fit together two pieces of timber without a knowledge of rules, and the use of instruments.

A great obviation of these difficulties is promised in the work before us. Mr. Fowler has spent a life-time in various scientific and charitable labors; and the result of one we have here, is a well printed book of ninety-six octavo pages. In how far he proves his statements, can only be decided, in full, by reading the book and then practicing its suggestions: but we propose giving such an outline of the scheme as shall develop a few of its most prominent features.

* Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth; late Commissioner of Patents.

† Gerrit Smith.

First, let us hear the author's introduction :

"No invention can be of greater practical utility to man than one which shall CHEAPEN AND IMPROVE OUR HOUSES, and especially which shall bring comfortable dwellings within the reach of the poorer classes. Such an invention it is the object of this volume to expound. It points out a mode of constructing private residences and public buildings at much less than their present cost, and every way more beautiful, convenient, and comfortable throughout. Except in a single particular, it is an original invention of the author. To begin with the history of its discovery, in order to facilitate its complete understanding.

"In 1842 I purchased a few acres of land, on which was a fine building spot, commanding a fine and extensive landscape prospect of the banks of the Hudson, and of both the Catskill and Fishkill range of mountains.—While looking about, in my professional tours, for some pattern of a house after which to build, I saw, in Central New York, houses constructed WHOLLY OF BOARDS AND WITHOUT FRAMES, though only one story. I liked the plan so well, that I immediately ordered boards sawed as required by this plan, and drew a plan after which to build it.

"The timber arrived in the summer of 1843, and in the spring of 1844 I planned a small addition to my old house, to accommodate us while erecting the new, and left on a professional tour. Meanwhile the carpenter, in laying out the foundation, not understanding my purpose, insisted on having an ENTRY, to which Mrs. F. assented, supposing I had forgotten this feature of it; and this made it a house, whereas I wanted only an ADDITION. Returning and finding the foundation planned for an entry, I let it go so, and finally concluded to make it a story higher than I at first designed, and have it do me till I was better able to build to my liking.—But as it was erected without any concerted plan, and therefore quite inconvenient, I continued my search for a PATTERN after which to build the home of my future years. My professional tours showed me all the new improvements as fast as they appeared. I read Downing and others on this subject, but none suited me, for reasons to be given soon. I kept continually asking myself 'Why so little progress in ARCHITECTURE, when there is so much in all other matters? We continue to build in the same square form adopted by all past ages. Is this necessary? Cannot some RADICAL change for the better be adopted, both as to the external form of houses, and their internal arrangement of rooms?' And in looking about for some general plan, I said to myself, 'Why not take our pattern from NATURE? Her forms are mostly SPHERICAL. She has ten thousand globular or cylindrical forms to one square one. Indeed, how very few squares we see in nature. Why not, then, adopt this spherical form for houses? It is adopted in fruits, eggs, grain, etc., so as to enclose the greatest amount in the smallest compass, and also the better to secure them against injuries. What should we think of a square apple, or right-angled egg?' Taught in college the mathematical principle, that a spherical surface enclosed more, in proportion, than any other shape, and know.

ing that this was one end secured by the rounding shape of fruits, grains, potatoes, the head, etc., while greater protection is another, I said, 'Why not build our HOUSES in a spherical, instead of square form?' 'Because they cannot be FRAMED without costing more extra than is gained,' was the practical answer. 'But this BOARD wall can be constructed at any other angle as well as a right angle,' thought I. 'Then why not have our houses six, eight, twelve, or twenty-sided? Why not build after some mathematical figure?' I inquired. I had it. The PRINCIPLE involved in the architectural improvement here submitted to lovers both of home and architecture, was thus seized upon and applied to this board-wall plan, and this combination of both gave birth to the architectural plans which we shall now proceed to develop."

Our author then proceeds to prove man's necessity for a home. During his reasoning, he says:

"MORE especially ought every MARRIED pair to procure a permanent RESIDENCE for themselves and families, because, without them, one powerful faculty must suffer perpetual abraision, and most of the rest a great diminution of action and consequent pleasure. This 'moving' every few months or years is alike destructive of property and enjoyment, besides the enormous costliness of rent. It greatly diminishes planting, and cripples all sorts of husbandry, prevents setting out trees, and keeps tenants from having things GROWING, besides obliging them to go, money in hand, for every little thing wanted in the family, the expensiveness of which is ruinous even to the healthy, but death to the sickly. None can ever know the worth of a home but those who have once had one and lost it, and after having been long cast out upon stone hearted landlords, finally re-obtained a comfortable domicile, and set down under their own grape vines and fruit trees. Father, mother, whoever thou art, heed this important advice—PROVIDE A HOME, whatever else you may do or leave undone. However great your privations, however astringent your poverty, get a HOME FIRST, and the greater your destitution, the more need have you of providing a home—no matter how homely—merely as a means of escaping that poverty.

"But you plead utter inability. In this you err. You are far better able to get you a residence, if it is only a turf hovel, than to live without one. Say to some land-owner, 'Lease or sell me a small piece of your land.' If you cannot get a lot on the public highway, take up with one in the fields or woods, and pay your purchase money or rent in work, if you have no money. Then bank up with dirt, if you are too poor to procure boards, and live on bread and water, or boiled wheat and corn—you will not starve, nor your children, on this fare, but be all the better—till you can earn a few dollars to render your hovel passable for the time being. Plant some pear and apple seeds, and peach and cherry pits, and when grown, bud and transplant them. Lay by now all you now pay for rent, and all you save by having a place to raise vegetables and keep a cow, and in a year you will have enough to buy your leased land, and put you

up a small house on the plan proposed in this work. I speak now of those who have not a dollar in the world with which to begin. And the poorer a man is, the greater the need of his adopting this home policy in some form—of course, in the best form he can. You greatly mistake when you think yourself too POOR to have a home. The poorer you are, the better able you are to procure one, or, rather, the LESS able to do WITHOUT one. Your poverty is the very reason why you should build."

In answering the question, "What constitutes a perfect home?" he enumerates the following points: To inclose space; strength and tightness; convenience of rooms; warmth; cheapness; a good site.

On the point of "enclosing space," he takes unfashionable ground against the cottage. "The roof and foundation of a three story house," he argues, "cost no more than for a house of one story;—and these two stories are among the most expensive parts of a building; yet the former contains two hundred per cent more room than the latter, and all for the trifling expense of longer timbers, more floors, doors, ceilings, chimneys, &c." This is true; yet we must not forget that something of "convenience" is lost in these high houses, and fashion our views from both arguments.

He then proceeds to discuss the question of shape; one of the most important in the book. Here, his reasoning is scientific and his conclusions practical as well as true. At least so it seems to us. He starts with the well known fact that the longer and narrower an area enclosed, the longer will be the enclosing lines; a *square* being the most economical of any rectangular figure, and a *circle* the most so of all.—Then, in proportion to the amount of roof, a circular house of a given area would require less expense of outside wall than one of any other shape. This is a mathematical fact, and cannot be disputed.

Then why is not this form adopted? Because, as he has said before, a *frame* cannot well be thus constructed. But in none except framed houses, will this objection apply; and he holds here that he has shown the superiority of the *board* house over the framed; therefore, there is no longer an objection to the circular form, modified into the *octagonal*, as it must be to suit even the board system.

All his reasoning, of course, we cannot give. Our aim is mostly to hint at his conclusions; those interested in knowing more, should buy the work, which they can do for fifty cents.

He professes to establish, then, these points:—

1. That the board is far cheaper than the framed house; much of the work being such as any man can perform who chooses, and the cost of the walls ready for plastering or siding, being less than one half.

2. That it is far better; more substantial, warmer, not subject to dampness, &c.

3. That the *octagon* is the best and cheapest form; the most beautiful, convenient and economical.

While demonstrating the principles we have stated as general propositions, he proceeds to enlarge upon his theme. He seems to think that he has pointed out the way for any poor man to secure himself a home, and then indulges his *ideality* and *constructiveness* in giving several models of what are really palaces—large, elegant and imposing—though reared at moderate cost. His comparison between these and most of our fashionable villas, strikes us as altogether just. We have had, in Downing and others, labored plans for the construction of such dwellings, at a cost which only rich men can contemplate; but Mr. Fowler shows us how we can produce a far more beautiful and comfortable structure at a much less expense. And then you can carry up the house to any desired height; twenty or twenty-five dollars will add the walls of another story, if you desire it, ready for the mason. At the same time, you can, if you wish, have for each story a piazza *entirely round the building*, at a very trifling cost; and your wood-house, ice-house, milk-room, &c. provided for in the basement with no expense but that of finishing them off. Then you can surmount the whole with a dome, even cheaper than an ordinary roof; thus greatly improving its appearance.

Some things we should suggest as improvements. In such a dwelling as this, consisting of several stories, we would certainly have the whole warmed by hot air from a furnace in the basement; for which arrangement the plan is most admirable. We should have, too, a spiral stairway in the center, giving also an uninterrupted passage for the light from the skylight above. And we are not sure, that the *hexagon* would not be a superior form to the *octagon*, from its known power of economizing space.

One thing, throughout, pleases us. This is the regard of the author for HEALTH. He has not forgotten to conform all his plans to the laws governing the physical system; even to the attic chamber designed for the exercise of children and all who need exercise.

We must not forget the many *closets* which are here provided for, in the *cut off corners* of the rooms, which usually are, as he contends, waste; thus giving each member of the family an opportunity of self-cultivating habits of domestic order and neatness.

We will now give a few extracts which will indicate the advantages claimed by the author for his plan.

"THE time will come when the order of conducting social parties will be changed, so as to require sentiments, toasts, short speeches, pithy debates, racy comments, as well as dancing. Behold what rooms for such purposes! They would accommodate a large number of persons seated, and many more standing, two-thirds of which, besides the hundreds that could see and hear from outside, could see the speaker!—almost equaling a church. * * * *

"Suppose parents and a large family of children love each other cordially, and desire to live together. Let the children marry good companions, and those who are agreeable to all parties, and bring them home to their father's house, and thus save all that heart-breaking solicitude and painful anxiety consequent to the parents and daughters, on leaving the old home associations and dear friends. Let the four large rooms be common ground, where all meet at every meal, and spend as much or as little of their time in these common rooms as they like, yet each could have a suite of private family rooms above. The grand-children, who do not like to emigrate, could pursue a like course, as here is room for EIGHT FAMILIES on each of the upper floors, with a lighted cellar for each, besides all those rooms on the main floor. Here both association, and also isolation, just as far as each individual pleased, could be enjoyed. And then, what a common play-room for all the children, or a play and school room, in the dome! This would save mothers that inexpressible tedium of being confined, every hour and day of every year, to one or two children, who, having nothing to satiate their craving for action, tease and fret their mothers perpetually every hour of their lives, keep them from lectures, visiting, and recreation, and render those children ill-natured and sickly by confinement within doors. But where there are a score of children together, the larger ones care for the smaller, and all amuse each other, and thus relieve their mothers of this most distressing confinement, as well as allow them ample time to work, visit, attend lectures, and the like. The advantages of association in this respect are great indeed, as also in the matter of cookery, fuel, and many like respects. And a house like this could easily accommodate TWO HUNDRED.

"Or a large hotel is wanted. See how direct this plan renders the access to all the rooms in the house—twenty-four on each floor, or one hundred rooms on four floors, besides the basement, the dome story being cut up into rooms, excepting a small dome at the peak. Or it could be carried two stories higher, or be made larger on the ground, or contain twelve instead of eight sides, and thirty-six rooms on each story for five

stories, besides the first story and basement, equal to two hundred and sixteen rooms, capable of accommodating five hundred boarders! And all around one central point, instead of, as now, ups and downs, criss-cross entries, much room wasted, and the whole exceedingly inconvenient.

"Or let the house be twelve sided, with forty feet to a side, no central stairway, but two front doors on each side, opening into a suite of rooms, each large and numerous enough for a family, and, of course, sufficient to accommodate twenty-four families to each floor for five or six stories, or some hundred families in the house—each the same if in a separate house, opening on the portico, and with its stairs giving ease of access, along with perfect isolation, together with a coal and sauce-room for most of them in the basement, and costing not over \$6000.

"Or suppose a stock company of poor men organize and contribute a given sum toward building it, say from \$50 to \$200 each, according as the rooms chosen are on the upper or lower stories, with the privilege of renting it if he prefers. See how cheap and how excellent a home.

"Or as accommodating factory operatives; see how vastly more convenient, and less expensive, than the hundreds of houses now required to accommodate the same number of operatives. In this case, one house would furnish living room for all who could work in one factory.

"For cities, too, where room is so scarce and high, how great the saving—more than TEN-FOLD; though in this case it would take about three lots for each house. How great a relief would it furnish a dense population.

"Look at this form for churches, lecture rooms, etc. The same sized wall could accommodate one fifth more hearers than the square, and a fourth more than that oblong form in which they are generally built.—And this form brings all the hearers much nearer the speaker than now, and obviates those deep, dark, distant corners which break the voice, produce echoes, and remove hearers far off from the speaker. Hence this form, besides seating a fourth more within the same sized wall, will enable the same volume of voice to reach one fourth more, that is, accommodate twice as large an audience as the present. This form would also bring the entire congregation facing EACH OTHER as well as the speaker, and thus promote that SOCIABILITY for which they meet. Yet for this purpose a ten or twelve-sided house would be preferable.

"Or Associationists, who wish to begin on a comparatively small scale and to enlarge their home as their numbers increase. This house can be built for some three or four thousand dollars, according to size and style, and then house after house added—a provision for anchoring them together being easily made—and these can be built one by one, around a common center, in the form of a grand octagon, or decagon, or duodecagon—the latter probably being the best, so as to allow them to build by degrees, and yet when completed to be a most commodious, yet most imposing structure. And what a place for a grand assemblage in the court formed by this circle of houses, and from the five story galleries of each of the eight or twelve houses! What could equal this general plan for this or any kindred purpose?

"Or look at this plan for a college—the basement for cooking and dining-rooms, the next for lecture-rooms, and the upper floors capable of accommodating just as many students as you like, according to its number and length of sides and stories. Access through the center, and folding doors through the middle, which, closed, divide it into lecture-rooms, or, opened, form a splendid chapel.

"But the variety of most useful applications of this form of building, over all those now in use, is innumerable, and its superiority most marked in every conceivable respect. Nor is the day far distant when it will supercede all others. It is the style of NATURE, and will commend itself to the good sense and practical application of all classes."

We would say in closing, that we have not labored to make an elaborate and elegant *critique*, as is the fashion of book-reviewers in general: but having found what seemed to be a plan of reform tangible to all and practical *for each individual alone*, and therefore for the masses, we desired to call attention to it as a means of physical, and, consequently, mental and moral amelioration.

II.

SONNET.

BY J. H. BIXBY.

"Most glorious Night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber."—*Byron*.

A HUSHED and solemn darkness reigns o'er all
Beneath the dusky midnight firmament—
Dusk with the myriad paly beams which fall
From stars with which the sky is thick besprent,
Like powdered silver showered on the pall,
The velvet pall which night the earth has lent.
O, such a night as this was never given
For slumber, careless of the entrancing sight—
The glimpses of the glorious, far-off heaven,
Such as we only gain "on such a night,"
When musings rapturous, and fancies fleet
That fill and thrill the heart with thoughts of love
Rise in the soul with light as pure and sweet
And tranquil as the stars that beam above.

ROYALTON, N. Y., Feb. 3d, 1850.

III.

ASPECTS OF EDUCATION.

ONE of the most favorable signs of the progress of humanity towards a higher state of civilization, is the constantly increasing interest taken in the cause of Education. It has been the custom in almost all ages of the world to regard Education as of secondary importance; and its great interests have been overlooked in the attention paid to the more active duties of life. This is but a natural consequence of the imperfect development of the mental faculties, and of the erroneous ideas generally entertained concerning the relative value of mind and matter. We however live near the dawn of a better era, when education will be considered of primary importance, and the whole energies of the wisest of the race will be devoted to its improvement and perfection.

Education seems to have advanced hand in hand with civil liberty. Each commenced at the highest point of society, speaking after the manner of the world, and have been constantly progressing downward. The sun of liberty and intelligence, which at first illuminated the most elevated peaks, sends its rays farther down, as it gradually rises, until, when it reaches the zenith, its rays will penetrate and enlighten the darkest recesses of the earth. In tracing the progress of education in its slow march toward the masses, we shall simply notice its course as it lies parallel with the progress of civil liberty.

We may lay down this proposition as a truth, *that every age has acknowledged the right and duty of the State to provide means of education for its sovereigns.*

In the old, dusky times of the primeval ages, the children of kings alone, the future monarchs of the land, were thought the proper objects on which education should be bestowed; but no effort was considered too great to effect this object, and the wise philosophers of the age, alone were considered the suitable guardians of these special favorites of fortune. The philosophers themselves can scarcely be conceived as forming an exception to the general argument, for they did not owe their power and wisdom to the fostering care of the state, nor in many instances did they derive more than nominal assistance from schools; but they were the mediums through which God sent light to a benighted world.

When the scepter of empire gradually came down towards the people; when the powerful noblemen circumscribed the power of the kings; when the Feudal System was established; then the necessity of a more extended course of education became apparent. Now, as before, the principle that the sovereigns should be educated, was acknowledged; and, as this sovereign power was exercised by the nobles, or at least divided with the

monarch, means were taken to extend to this class the privileges of education. During the reign of Feudalism in Europe, the foundation was laid of those venerable institutions of learning, which are now the great depositories of ancient lore, and the pride of the world. These were established solely and exclusively, to bestow upon the dominant civil classes, peculiar privileges; but incidentally they became the sources of light to the world. The strong upward tendencies of genius, although springing from the untitled classes, could not be entirely checked; it seized hold of these means of mental illumination and made them subservient to its own advancement. The prevailing character of these institutions took their color from the peculiarities of the people in whose midst they were established. They directed the tone of thought and established unlimited sway over the minds of those who came under their control. Learning, therefore, was arrayed on the side of privilege, and the people became accustomed to think that it was their duty to submit to the rule of the few who monopolised wealth, learning and power. The Philosopher taught obedience as a law of nature; the Priest as a law of God from which there could be no appeal. Even when the superior ability of one of the lower orders had made itself respected and known—when it had raised itself to a level with the nobles—it generally echoed the cry of exclusiveness, and was foremost in arresting the upward progress of the people from which it had just arisen.

The next great period of change, was when Commerce struggled into existence; when Trade erected its empire upon the ruins of the Feudal System. In virtue of its sovereign power, Commerce demanded education, and received it. Commercial schools were established in addition to the aristocratic ones already in existence. A new light was shed upon the world. Education was diffused among all engaged in trade. One more great stride had been taken toward the illumination of the people. But Commerce was no more philanthropic than had been the preceding sovereigns of the world. It sought no means of enlightening the masses. It only demanded education for itself, and because of its power, received it. It tolerated the higher orders of society because it considered admission to these privileges as the reward of success. It fosters the schools of these upper classes because, in its ambitious course, they may be used as helps to rise to influence and distinction. While it so clearly sees the wants above, it never turns its attention below; while the rich and powerful are the peculiar objects of its tender regards, the humble and poor come not within the range of its vision. The peculiar schools which the Spirit of Commerce has established, do not challenge our admiration, or make that show in the world, which was made by their predecessors. They consist chiefly in the lower orders of Colleges, Academies and High Schools, where utilitarianism is rigidly enforced. Their influence is not so much to raise the standard of education, as to widely diffuse it. The branches pursued are those which can be directly used in business. Science and learning are only valuable, as they serve as levers, by which their possessors can move the world.

Another change is approaching. The last transition is at hand. Trade is about yielding the scepter to Labor. The last step in this great work is about to be taken, when the producers of the earth will be its sovereigns. Already have we seen the convulsive throes which will usher in this new era; already we see all classes of the old rulers of the world allied together to stop its progress. The autocrat, the noble, and the tradesman, unite together to set their iron heels upon the prostrate form of the Laborer.

Light only is needed to effect the consummation of this work. A little time will bring this light, and the people will then clearly see their own omnipotent strength when compared with the impotency of their rulers. Every opposing force to the upward tendency of society, will then be withdrawn, and man will be judged honorable, only as he possesses mental and moral strength. When this day arrives, it is very obvious what will be the result upon education.

In America we are peculiarly situated. Fleeing from the persecution of Monarchs, and carrying with them no veneration for the spirit of aristocracy, our forefathers of necessity became the advocates of republicanism. We, their descendants, have never been pressed down by the weight of the privileged classes above us. Commerce, also, lacking this opposing power, has reigned here with a more supreme sway, than in any other portion of the earth; but at the same time light has been disseminated among the people, and the great check to the grasping power of trade is the steady onward march of the masses.

By America, in this connection, we mean the North, where only the true spirit of republicanism exists. In the South, owing to the existence of Slavery, a natural aristocracy has grown up which resists the spirit of Commerce, and consequently the light given to the laborer is the faintest glimmer. Education, except in the large commercial cities, has not here received the impulse which the rule of trade always gives; therefore, in intelligence, the common people rank with those of Feudal Times, only their condition is modified by the amount of intelligence which is materially and insensibly imbibed from their more active, energetic, and enlightened neighbors. The spirit of the privileged classes alone give character to their schools, and we cannot wonder that a person educated in them should cling with such tenacity to their peculiar institutions.

In the North, Commerce, the highest manifestation of civilization which has yet governed the world, is measurably modified and controlled by labor; and hence, education is more universal, more progressive, and more tinged with the spirit of liberality, than in any other part of the world. Ever since the landing of the Pilgrims on the Rock of Plymouth, the civil rights of the people have been recognized; they formed the key-stone of the Revolution; and they have been the distinguishing feature of our government since. But our acts have been far behind our professions; the letter of the law has been obeyed but the spirit sacrificed; and we now present the curious spectacle of a people whose principles of civil government, are far in advance of their practices.—Common Schools, it is

true, were early established for all classes ; but for many years, Commerce fostered only the Academy and College. The principle, that the people only were the true sovereigns, was the corner stone of our republican system, and consequently the duty of the state to provide means of education for all, was acknowledged ; but the energy of Trade swept over everything, administered the government, and the schools for the laborer were left to take care of themselves. As the rights of the people have become more and more regarded, the schools of the people have arisen in importance ; and their benefit and absolute necessity in a republican government, have been clearly demonstrated. We may come to this conclusion respecting these schools, that they are but the natural result of our civil liberties, and founded upon the principle which has always been recognized, and with which we commenced ; that the sovereigns should always be educated.

We come now to another proposition which we think can be incontrovertibly established ; viz : *It is the duty of every State to educate all the children of the State.* In a republic like our own, this is obvious from the universally acknowledged proposition which we have before laid down ; but in other forms of government it is not so plain. It may also be said, that although the State should provide means for the education of all, the expenses should be defrayed by the persons benefited. "Knowledge is power." The more universally learning is diffused, the more strength, the more virtue, the more happiness, because the more wisdom. If a State, then, would possess the greatest amount of power, it should seek to establish the means of the greatest amount of intelligence. As the strength of the State depends upon the amount of this intelligence, the acquirement of it should not be left to the control of ignorance and selfishness, but should be one of the main objects of the State itself. An ignorant man may think it best to vote against a school, or withhold his children from enjoying its advantages, on account of the pecuniary loss to himself individually, when it is for the highest interest of the State that the school should be established, and that his children should be educated.—The duty of the State in this matter is plain ; *it should at once make the whole School System a State charge*, so that no person could be induced from any such motive to withhold the advantages of education from his children. We go farther than this, and say that it is the duty of the State *to see that no child is deprived of the advantages of education, from any motives whatever.* And this duty, like the other, flows directly out of the mutual relationship existing between the State and the children of the State. This may at first appear as a startling innovation upon ancient custom, but upon due reflection the truth will become at once apparent. The State is weakened by the existence of ignorance ; and besides, an ignorant man is much more likely to become a burden to the State than if he were intelligent. In self defense then, if for no other reason, should the State adopt the course designated. The right of parents to the labor of their children, and consequently their right to deprive the children of a chance to acquire an education, will be advocated ; but we acknowledge no right

of a parent in any measure to interfere with the best good of the child; and the legislative wisdom of the State should be the judge of this best good rather than the parent. If this is otherwise; if children have not an absolute right to take advantage of every means of education in their power, paramount to every thing beside; then ignorance must become perennial, and progress a by-word.

Again, the duty of the State to make education an entire public charge, is founded upon the law of impartial justice. We recognize no privileged classes; our very institutions rest upon the broad principle of human equality; we should therefore extend to no class important advantages which are not extended to all. But if our schools are merely founded by the State, while pay is demanded for a participation in their advantages, then they are directly calculated to benefit the rich who need no help of the kind, and oppress the poor who are scarcely able to meet the ordinary expenses of life. This is bestowing favors with a discriminating hand, but the discrimination is in favor of the powerful and against the weak. When the schools become entirely a State charge, they will become common ground on which all sects and classes can meet on terms of perfect equality. The rich will patronize them because they are the best schools of the land, the poor because they are the only means by which food can be administered to their intellects. The direct tendency of this will be the harmonizing of discordant views, the softening of prejudices, and the breaking down of the artificial barriers of society.

The principle of taxation to prevent crime instead of punishing it, has been so often urged in this connection that we need not enlarge upon it. We have one more argument directly founded upon the rights of property.

One of the plainest principles of the Laws of Nations is, that the whole Eminent Domain, or property of a nation, is at its disposal, to be used in time of need. This principle is always acknowledged in time of war, and property is indiscriminately used or destroyed when the nation is in danger of losing its existence. In time of peace, also, a free use has been made of property for commercial purposes, and for defense. Reasoning from analogy, we must conclude that the whole Eminent Domain should be liable for the purposes of education, to preserve the strength, the purity, and the vitality of a people as well as its existence.

America, in setting the noble example of self-government to the world, has performed but half her mission. She has to devise means to render this self-government perpetual, and she should be an example of integrity, truth, and purity. Nobly throwing aside all old ideas of wrong, bloodshed and the ignorant masses, she should challenge the respect of the world by her wisdom, foresight and prudence.

It is true we have fallen very far short of the standard set up. In some instances we appear to be bringing up the rear of civilization instead of leading the van. The curse of Slavery still clings to us. It is but a short time since our hands were deeply imbrued in the blood of our brothers. Our cities are crowded with ignorance and misery, and the gigantic spirit of gain seems to hold in its grasp the whole energies of the nation crushing

out justice, truth, and honor. Still, not far in the future we see the dawn of a better day. Slavery, with all its train of vices and miseries, is "maddening to its fall." War will disappear when this, its corner stone, is displaced. The energies of philanthropists are directed toward the development of a better state of society, wherein labor will receive its appropriate reward, and the powerful no longer be permitted to batten upon the produce of the weak. We say these evils are temporary because they are acknowledged to be evils by every one whose standard of morality rises above that of a barbarous state of society, and because the whole energies of the wise and good are bent on their destruction. To accomplish this end we must make use of means; and in our opinion the only means adequate to produce the desired result, is education.

This introduces us to another proposition, viz: *The amount of education which a State should bestow upon its children, should be bounded only by a prophetic knowledge of its own destiny, and the utmost capacity of its wisest men.*

Next to a want of universality in education, the greatest defect in our present system, is, the narrow views we take of its use and influence.—The commercial spirit being in power, and money and influence being considered the objects to gain which life was given, education is only considered valuable as it helps us attain these objects. The development of the mental faculties, the power which is given us to discover immutable truth as manifested in the laws of God, and the absolute control which an enlightened intellect has over the mere animal, are entirely lost sight of in preparing a man to be a skillful accountant, an accomplished engineer, or a successful man of business. Truth, mind, soul, spirit, become of very little value when opposed to station, business, trade, gain. Education must necessarily be incomplete until pursued for other purposes than those here given. When it becomes acknowledged that it is the duty of every individual to use the talents which God has given him, in such a manner as to produce the greatest possible increase, when these talents and the increase, are considered as only lent to the individual to be used for other than selfish purposes, when man is considered of more importance than money, then we may expect an education pure and ennobling, and worthy of a regenerated world.

In this State, the great work of education is nobly begun. Its first great want, universality, is acknowledged. Enlightened statesmen vie with each other in their endeavors to foster, improve, and perfect it, in its most extended form. Experience teaches wisdom, and the mistakes of to-day are the beacon lights of to-morrow. The close, narrow, illiberal spirit, seems numbered with things gone by, and the only cry is for light and guidance. "How can we improve our system?" is the only question now asked. We may soon expect that ways and means will be devised to bring this education, not only within the reach of all, but to all. The current is setting so powerfully toward the perfection of the system of universality, that no possible danger can be anticipated as to its ultimate triumph.

The question as to the upward progress of this system is not so clear as to its extension. At least the answer to it is farther in the future.—When every child in the State, without regard to condition, station, wealth or color, shall be gathered into commodious school rooms, under the charge of competent instructors, we shall consider that the system has reached its "*ne plus ultra*" of extension. When the same system, free alike to all, shall embrace the most extended course of instruction which the intellectual power of the people can devise, when it shall have absorbed all other possible means of education, when our Academies and Colleges form but a part of one grand systematic whole, then we shall be satisfied in regard to its elevation.

All this, however, forms but the perfected body of the system. The soul does not depend upon legislative enactments, but upon the genius, the progress, and intellectual and moral capacity of the people. Schools cannot create a new order of things; they can only be used as *mediums of communication between the minds of prophets and seers, and those of the masses*. We are in a constant state of progress. Superior minds are making new developments of the laws of God. Revelations from a higher state of existence are made to the few, not for the use of the few but for the many. To make these of practical utility, to impress them upon the minds of the people, seems to be the legitimate office of the school.—Education, and the progress of sagacity, act and react upon each other.—Education develops intellectual power, and measurably creates the discoverer of truth, thus elevating society; while society in its turn throws its superior mental power into the schools, giving new impulse to education. When society reaches its maximum of purity, we may expect a perfect system of education; and when the educational system becomes perfected, we may look for a pure state of society.

TO ——.

LAST eve I saw thee in a pensive mood,
 Where wit, and jest, and jocund song went round;
 O'er thy seal'd breast a sadness *seemed* to brood—
 Dimming thine eyes—o'erpowering, and profound:
 To-night I see thee in the mazy dance,
 The gayest of the lovely circle there;—
 Joy *there* I traced in thy calm, musing glance;
 But now upon thy lip, I mark—DESPAIR!

IV.

THE DANCE OF DEATH, AND THE DEATH OF DEATH.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

"Death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed."—*Paul.*

THE world, the world alas ! the silent world !
To dust, to dust, the last of earth is hurled !
King Death shouts loudly in exulting glee ;
Ho ! let us sing of Death's mad jubilee.

King Death, grim Death is all alone,
And his shout is loud as the booming sea ;
He standeth now on a skull-heaped throne,
And he laughs as he shouts, right merrily.
"Ha, ha, ha ! I've a merry time ;
Ho ! my thankless task is o'er at last !"
And he rattles the skulls, and their doleful chime
Is mingled now with the wailing blast.

"Ha, ha, ha ! I will try a dance ;
King Death has many frolicsome ways ;
I have nought to fear from Beauty's glance ;
There are none to mock—there are none to praise."
A skeleton form is in his grasp,
And around on his skull-heaped throne he whirls—
And he rattles the bones in his vulture clasp,
Then away the skeleton form he hurls.

"Ha, ha, ha !
Death is all alone
On his skull-heaped throne ;
Merrily, merrily dances he,
"O who will join my jubilee ?
Not one—not one !

"Ha, ha, ha ! King Death is alone ;
He has conquered all, he has conquered all ;
And his victims lie around his throne,
Kings—beggars of earth—both great and small.
The last was a miser, grey and old ;
And he muttered a curse with his parting breath,

And closer he clutched his cankering gold,
And he scowled, ha, ha ! upon old King Death.

"The earth hath rest from its feverish strife ;
All throbbing hearts in the dust laid low !
I have dried up the streams of guilty life—
Their purple currents no longer flow.
The harvest of life I did bravely reap ;
I labored long, and I labored well ;
I have sealed all eyes in eternal sleep ;
Of the myriad hosts there are none to tell.

"I have fought with sword, I have fought with bow,
With balls of cannon and gleaming dart ;
Though a million a day I have oft laid low,
Still the tide of life would get the start.
I had many a cunning, and devilish art
That worked far better than sword or spear ;
I had poisons mixed for the brain and heart ;
I have slain with Love—I have slain with Fear.
I had poisons bitter, and poisons sweet ;
No earth born-quack had more than I ;
Some called me names, but none a cheat,
Ah ! few would dare King Death defy.

"But my favorite poison was the bowl
Of maddening wine. It would sear the brain,
And palsy the heart, and blight the soul ;
Unnumbered hosts even *thus* I've slain.
Ah ! many a helping friend had I ;
Aye, and Hatred, and Pride, and Crime ;
But at last it came *their* turn to die ;
All save King Death, and gray-haired Time."

* * * * *

King Death stands upon his throne,
Merry is he, yet alone ;
"The brave old earth now rests from strife ;
Gathered in is the harvest of life.
All that lived and moved are dead ;
Hope and Fear with all have fled.
Ah me ! ah me !—why am I sad !
In my work of death I was ever glad.
O I *am* sad, but I scarce know why ;—
It is this, 't is this—*no more to die !*
There is no more joy in my maddening glee ;
Lonely, how lonely my jubilee.
Ah ! could I soar to yonder star,
And ravage other worlds afar,

Farewell thrones and revelry ;
 Farewell dull Earth's jubilee.
 But such idle thoughts—away !
 Here's my Kingdom—here my prey ;
 Ho ! the dance, the dance again !
 Million skulls—and millions slain ;
 Pile up dust, and pile up bones ;
 King Death's monumental thrones.
 Here's the skull of Europe's scourge ;
 Let the wild sea chant his dirge.
 Here's the skull of Alexander ;
 Here's the dust of meek Cassander ;
 Here are bones of kings long hid
 In each wondrous pyramid.
 Here's the dust of knave and saint—
 Faugh ! with both the same foul taint ;
 Here's the dust of queens once fair ;
 Maidens, too, of beauty rare ;
 Heaps on heaps of plebeian bones ;
 Just as good for building thrones.
 Henceforth, then, my work shall be
 Thus to build eternally.
 I will build a goodly palace ;
 Nero's skull shall be my chalice !
 Rattle the skulls—rattle the bones ;
 Up ! build up the skull-heaped thrones !
 Ha, ha, ha ! up, up ye rise—
 Here I will dwell—Death never dies.
 Here I will watch my hard-earned wealth ;
 None shall take by force or stealth.
 Rattle the bones ! heap the dust !—
 What is *this*, in a dark cave thrust ?
 Europe's last—a beggar king,
 Left alone like a worthless thing.
 A merry time—ha, ha !—have I ;
 Old King Death shall never die—
 Ha, ha, ha !———alas !”

* * * * *

He heard a mournful cry,
 And around with fear he gazed ;
 He saw old Time pass by,
 While o'er him lightnings blazed.
 “ King Death, friend Death, ho, ho !”
 Shrieked Time as he tottered by ;
 “ We all things have laid low,
 But mark, *we too must die !*”

The wild sea hushed its roar,
 And stilled was the shrieking blast;
 The flight of Time was o'er—
 And the *sun was quenched at last.*
 Loud pealed the trumpet's wailing tone
 And the stars like leaves did fall;
 Death did gibber and quail and moan,
 But for mercy dared not call.

The voices pealed,
 "Death too must die!
 Thy doom is sealed;
 Thine end is nigh!"
 And then pale lightnings flashed
 Around the skull-heaped throne;—
 All, all in ruins crashed,
 And the echo was a groan.

The rock-ribbed mountains quaked,
 And belched a sea of flame;
 The silent dead awaked,
 And from their mansions came.
 Vain has been the work of Death;
 Bootless all his time-long strife;
 Upon his victims, with his parting breath,
 He sets the seal of everlasting life.

HOWLETT PLACE, Feb. 1850.

V.

ASPECTS OF THE AGE.

BY S. S. RANDALL.

THE period in the history of modern civilization, to which we, in the middle of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, have attained, is not unaptly characterized as an epoch of transition. The human mind, rejecting the fetters gradually imposed upon its energies during a long period of ignorance and darkness, and surmounting the numerous obstacles which have hitherto impeded its progress, seems to be putting forth its strength in every direction—testing and questioning long established

principles both of thought and action—seeking new and unexplored paths for its development—creating new powers and re-modeling old ideas—and preparing itself for the reception and appreciation of a higher revelation of its nature and capabilities than has yet been vouchsafed to its comprehension. We have reached a point when the sober annunciation, by earnest, and inquiring minds, of new problems, either in the physical, intellectual, or moral world—however strange and inexplicable they may at first appear, can no longer, with impunity, be scoffed at and denounced, or rejected, without examination or discussion, as unsound, visionary, or heretical. With the history of past civilization before us—in view of the reception which the soundest principles in science, literature, morals, and political and social economy, have heretofore been destined to encounter at the hands of those to whom they were communicated—in view of the marvelous and yet familiar results of modern science in all its great departments,—surpassing the wildest and most enthusiastic dreams of its earlier votaries and well nigh rendering giddy with surprise the strongest and best balanced minds—in view of the numerous manifestations of a progressive mental and moral advancement to which no conceivable limits can now be assigned—the contemptuous and summary rejection of no problem or theory in itself not contrary to reason or inconceivably at variance with well established principles; clearly propounded and supported by evidence and reasoning, *prima facie* challenging respectful attention and calm investigation—is no longer to be apprehended. The generation which has witnessed the thorough exploration and complete classification of the fathomless regions of the sidereal universe—the gauging and measurement of bodies at such inconceivable distances from our planet as to preclude any accurate conception of the numbers employed to represent them to the mind—the demonstration of the processes by which, from their original elements, these myriads of worlds and suns, and systems upon systems of worlds and suns, were brought into being—the unfolding and legible interpretation of the geological records of countless ages which have swept over the abyss of time since the creation of our own planet—the chemical analysis of the most minute particles of matter, and the complete demonstration of their properties, uses and powers, separately, or in every variety of combination—the identification of that tremendous and formidable power, which, under the denomination of electricity, has engaged the attention and researches of the scientific world for nearly a century past, with those pervading influences of the physical universe which may be said to constitute its very life-breath—and the subjection of the whole to the economical purposes of every day existence—to the convenience of intercourse between the most remote portions of the earth's surface—the facilities of communication between the most distant and otherwise inaccessible points—and the transfer of the fleeting and perishable expressions of the human countenance, and the lineaments of the material world around us, to permanent tablets;—the generation which has witnessed these and numerous other demonstrations of the powers of science when wielded by cultivated

and well-trained minds—will scarcely venture to say to the most enthusiastic votaries of knowledge, “hitherto shalt thou come and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” Nor can a mere blind, irrational and arbitrary scepticism find a more satisfactory ground of justification when applied to the broad field of civil, social or political economy. The progress of society in those portions of the globe where civilization and Christianity prevail, has rendered us in this enlightened age, familiar with principles and doctrines of government, and of social intercourse and advancement, which to our ancestors of the middle ages, would have seemed the height of folly and absurdity; and when, on every hand, the most earnest and pressing arguments and appeals are addressed to us for a still more fundamental and radical reform in these directions, these arguments and appeals, instead of being contemptuously denounced as visionary, dangerous and pestilent, or suppressed by the strong arm of physical power, find not merely a respectful, but favorable and interested audience; and if they fail in the accomplishment of their object, it will be because they are unable, under existing circumstances, to carry that complete conviction, of the grounds upon which they are based, and the course of policy they recommend, which should warrant so important a change in established institutions, usages and principles. It is but too obvious that the reverence heretofore exacted and paid to antiquity as such, no longer controls the opinions or actions of the masses. Whatever of substantial worth or value has been transmitted to us from the institutions, the habits, the ideas and principles of former ages and other climes, still claims and receives our respect, and so far as may be compatible with the peculiar position we occupy in the scale of civilization, our adoption; but beyond this, the heir-looms of the Past are rapidly losing their hold upon our affections or regards. One by one they are silently and almost imperceptibly laid aside and forgotten—quietly consigned to the repositories of oblivion—and thenceforth recalled only “to point a moral or adorn a tale.” A few unsightly protuberances still deform the symmetry of modern civilization—but the footsteps of the reformer are distinctly visible around them, and they, too, will speedily disappear. Practical utility—the judicious application of the best means to the highest and wisest ends—accompanied by a disposition to dispense with every unnecessary incumbrance—to abandon every untenable position—and to promote the general well-being in the most effectual, practicable mode—has become the business and the ambition of the age; and so far as antiquated forms, long exploded errors, and arbitrary institutions,—though the growth and product of centuries, and though originally well adapted to the purposes they were designed to subserve—stand in the way of this spirit their doom is already and irreversibly sealed.

VI.

THE LAW OF CREATION, REVEALED IN CHRIST.

BY THOMAS INGERSOLL.

VIII. THE SEED OF THE SUCCEEDING BODY IS PRODUCED BY THAT WHICH PRECEDES IT.

THAT body which grows up in any of the minority Periods is preparatory to that which succeeds it, and produces the seed from whence the new body springs. This seed is a complete embodiment of the whole law in maturity of growth corresponding with its own Period. Thus a seed of infancy appears coming from the preceding Order at the end of its third Period. The body of Infancy produces the seed of Childhood, and the body of Childhood produces the seed of Youth. This is true of all the Orders of creation.

Besides this seed, there are formed in the body, at the close of each Period, with the seed, a great number of elemental atoms having a more or less complete embodiment of this same law of organization; and when the true seed appears and the spirit of it begins to act, these related elemental atoms will join themselves to it, and the Infant body of the new Period appears. Before this union these atoms are uncombined and scattered in the midst of the old body, as chaos. This old body of chaos, is the waters "which are without form, and void;" for the old body falls into dissolution and becomes as a sea of element.

This law is illustrated by the people of the Jews at the end of their Theocracy. Jesus Christ appears, a seed embodying the whole law, having the maturity of the Infancy of the Order of Christ, at its birth. His Spirit is received by His disciples, and by them of the Jews first, and them of the Gentiles, who united together, separating themselves from all the old customs of society and forming the infant body of the Christic Order. These receive the doctrine of Christ because they are organically formed by the true law, in a greater or less fulness. They that do not have this organic constitution in some degree, cannot receive the Spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of Progress. They that do receive the law of Christ are the sheep that hear the voice of the good Shepherd. They are distinct formations in the midst of the old body, as particles of gold, that will be gathered at the proper time. When the true law is declared embodying the true Spirit, they hear and understand because it is the law of their own Spirit. The relationship is confessed and they come together.—When these elements of life are drawn out from the old body there is no

more progress to that body, for the Spirit of progress is with them that enter into the new organization. Abel is the seed of the preceding Period, and the new body of organization appears with Seth, in whom is the Spirit of Abel. This is the law of the seed, which is illustrated every year by the natural productions of the earth; for the tree brings forth its fruit in the fall of the year which is gathered in. The earth and every social body grows by the same law.

Each Period is divided into two distinct parts called by Moses, the Evening, or Night; and the Morning, or Day. The law of the seed applies to both parts; for the growth of the night yields its seed when the morning begins, and the condition of the whole body changes, the social body dies, and the body which begins at the beginning of the night, revives and makes new and great progress. But this resurrection is by the law of the seed. God forms one to preach the true law and they that receive it are of the body of life and come together; leaving all the customs of society which grew up in the time of night.

Each new growth, or body of organization, begins just where the old ceases to make progress, as the successive growths of the tree are made year after year. In the same manner, the social body makes progress; and so does every body that is created.

As the purpose of God is to create a Spiritual body like himself, so all his works are directed to that end from the beginning; and in each succeeding Order and Period there is an advanced organic development towards that end.

The first Order of Creation, the Earthic—receives its atomic elements which form the infant earth, or land, from the great deep of “waters,” which are the body of chaos. Before that the land was created, water was formed, which is the mother of the land. A great globe of water was formed by the same law of creation, from its own element. In the midst of this body it formed the seed of the land, which is the true earth, and all the atomic elements that unite with the land and produce the earth in infancy. This body of infancy prepares the seed and atoms for the body of the earth in childhood; and the childhood brings forth the seed of the Earth in Youth; and the Youth brings forth the seed of Manhood, or, perfect formation of earth. The Earthic Order of Creation is called inanimate, or dead; and inorganic, because that in it there is not seen that living spirit which animates the succeeding Order, nor its high organization. But in the Earthic Order are formed the seed and atomic elements of the Animalic. This Order is animate matter, and to it the first holds the relation of the “waters,” and “great deep” of elemental material, upon which the “Spirit of God moves” to bring the elements together and to organize the new body, and to develop a new light.

In the Animalic body are formed the elements of the Adamic body.—These forming elements are seen in those creatures that are approximating to the human body in their organic constitution.

Before the birth of Adam, the Earth was inhabited by human creatures under the sensual law, and before that the intellectual, which is the true

Adam, was born. They were without organic labor or language, or society. The Adamic body is in embryo and his approaching birth is seen in the progress of the language, and of arts, and in the social order.

In the Adamic body is found the seed and elements of the body of Christ. The Embryo Christ is seen in the Theocracy of the Jews.

The Animalic Order is the "great deep, without form, and void," in its relations to the Order of Adam. The spirits of the Order are elemental of the spirits of Adam, as the spirits of Adam are elemental of Christ. Upon these "waters," the spirit of God moves and brings them together. These elemental atoms are the dust of which Adam is formed and into which he shall return.

The Adamic Order is the "great deep" in its relation to the Christic Order. The elemental spirits of Adam arise in Christ, in a new and perfect organization, forming a body of unity, wherein each atom enters into its proper place, and all action is in perfect harmony.

The Adamic body is inanimate as it respects the Order of Christ, which is animate and "alive;" and a "quickening spirit."

In the Earthic Order so much as is below the full maturity of the Earthic formation, so much power of chaos, or, of the water, yet remains in it, and it is so much under the dominion of chaos. And so far as the Animal formation is below its standard of perfection, which is the human body, so much still is it under the power of the Earthic law, and partakes of the Earthic spirits. The same is true of the Order of Adam: it is under the law of the Animal Order, insomuch as it is below the full development of the Adamic organism. So also, as much as Man is below the full maturity that is in Christ, is he under the law of the lower Orders, and in the same degree does he partake of their spirits and organisms.

IX. EVERY SPIRIT REVEALS HIS OWN LAW. GOD IS REVEALED IN CHRIST.
THE UNITY.

Every Spirit reveals his own law by the works he does. By the acts of men their spirits are known, for they can act only in obedience to the law of their own spirits. The animal creature acts under the same law. No creature of himself can do contrary to the law of his own spirit. The thorn cannot bear grapes. Nor can the Spirits of a lower Order have understanding of the law of the Spirits that are above them.

If any creature acts by the law of the Order below the highest to which he has attained, and does not give supremacy to the law of that highest Order, he will sink back from his high attainments into the Order whose law he obeys. In so doing, he brings death into himself. He reverses the true course of progress, and goes out of the way of life. To do this is Sin, being disobedience of the law of God. To act by a lower law brings disorganization into the body formed by the higher law.

The true law of progress requires that the highest law to which Man has attained be first obeyed; and that all that is below this in him be brought into subjection to this highest law. If men obey the Sensual law

above the Intellectual and Moral, they sink into Animalism, and die falling into the "outer darkness" of disorganization. And if they cultivate the Intellectual above the Moral, they fall from Christ into Adam, Sensual; and then by the Sensual law they go down into Animalism and death. The Mental body and spirits become falsities. But when the Manhood of Christ is attained he can no more fall, having risen completely above every lower law. It is during the immaturity of Christ in Man that he is liable to fall, yielding to the seductions of the spirits of the lower Orders. Then spirits have entrance into the body through what remains of the lower organisms, which is called the "heel," by Moses, which the Serpent could wound.

In the Adamic body there are many spirits, and they are not in harmony because of the Sensual law; and if, in harmony they seek only material things, not being able to comprehend nor reveal the things of Christ, which are of a high order and are spiritual. To obey the law of Adam Man falls from heaven to earth. He loses the Spiritual vision and gives a material embodiment to his thoughts and ideas.

The law of Christ seeks the progress of the Spiritual Nature, and brings all labor to advance it. Christ brings all the body under one spirit, the united spirits of the body. In him there is Unity, and perfect harmony of action, and all the labor is directed to the saving of Men.

Whatever progress Man has made, he makes it manifest in all his labors and language. Because of the uncombined form of the spirits in the Adamic Order, and of his own law of materialization, the Spirits are understood as being so many gods, having rule over men. Each Nation and Tribe have their own gods, and they cannot comprehend the One Universal God; nor the Unity of God; nor Spirit.

Because Adam is the Spiritual Earth, so in Adam, the conception of the mind receives a material form and embodiment. He materializes his conceptions of Spirits and makes images of them of wood or stone.

In Christ is revealed the nature of Spirit which cannot be represented by anything that man can make of wood, any more than he can make an image of the air, to which Jesus compares the spirit, when speaking to Nicodemus.

In Christ there must be a revelation of the unity of God, because of the unity of the Spirit in himself, in whom all the law of organization is fulfilled. The works of men in Christ agree with the law of God. In the Order of Christ man will have an entrance into a knowledge of all truth, for he will be animated by the Spirit of truth, and according to the increase of Christ in man, will his inspirations of the law be more clear, and his works will agree with those of the true God; and he will have acquaintance with God, as the child is acquainted with his father.

To understand the law of Christ: that is, the law by which Christ arises in the body of creation, is to be instructed into the law of the kingdom of heaven, and to have the key which will open to all the mysteries of creation; for by one law were all things made, and in Christ there is revealed the whole of that law.

X. CREATION IS BY AN ASCENDING SERIES.

THE progress of creation is an ascent from the lowest step of organization to the most perfect and mature.

The elements being in a state of chaos, there is no body. In the midst of this chaos, organization begins with the formation of a single atom and a union of two or three as one body, and then all the atoms that are in the body of chaos are gathered to this new body which have affinity for it, and the infant body of the new creation appears. This body now increases in magnitude and in the maturity of its organic structure, to a perfect body and a perfect organization when there is no chaos. In this progress, the body passes through every state of organization, from the lowest step to the highest, advancing by steps so minute as to be unobserved except by them that watch. This progress has its Orders and Periods.

Christ says, "look up;" that is, to Heaven; and he says also, "Heaven is within you." It is a form of organic existence. By Heaven is understood the highest state of organic life. The man whose mind is in the moral dominion is in Heaven. But if only in the intellectual dominion he is yet in earth; that is, an earthy body, a body having the characteristics of Earth. And if he be under the sensual dominion, he is of the character of Sea. The Order of Adam which gives dominion to the intellectual person of the mind, is the spiritual earth; higher than which, in organic progress, the spirit of Adam cannot raise man. All the inspirations of Adam are Earthy; having materialized forms and characters.

The Order of Christ gives dominion to the moral person of the mind. Now ideas have an aeriform character; the mind, in Christ, does not necessarily neutralize them. It is only the unifying spirit of Christ that has power to raise man into the highest state of organic existence. By Christ, therefore, man ascends into the air to meet the Lord. The true Lord is Spirit which Christ says, is as the "wind."

Man begins in the sensual body, an Infant; and grows up from Infancy into Manhood; and from the sensual dominion into the intellectual, and then into the moral. Thus rising up out of the sea as land; and then into the air.

This is described by the prophet Daniel when he says, "I saw four beasts, (which is the intellectual body,) come up out of the sea;—(which is the sensual body,) and one like the Son of Man flying in the clouds of heaven," (which is the moral body.)

XI. MAN IS THE INSTRUMENT OF HIS OWN CREATION; AND WITH GOD, HE IS HIS OWN CREATOR.

THE Spirits of Man are the offspring of their material organisms; and according to their material bodies so is the spiritual body that is formed within.

By a right cultivation the body advances in the maturity of its organization, and in the same degree of maturity is its spirit.

The law of Progress is, that Man obeys the highest revealed laws of the Moral Spirit. By so doing, every sensual act will be brought into obedience to the Moral law; and the Intellectual and Moral act for the highest good of each other. Then the Spiritual advances above the Sensual and Material.

This law must be obeyed by the father in the cultivation of himself and his children. He will put down the sprouting weeds of the Sensual and false Intellectual growths. He must seek a spiritual development and not a material only.

Then he will grow up into Christ. If a man do not so cultivate himself he will sink into death. The families which disobey this law of life will disappear from among men; but they who obey it will establish a house that will live forever.

In this obedience to the law of life, man is made instrumental of his own creation. He is, therefore, in every shape of his progress, working with God, that he may have a higher progress; and just as he obeys the law of Creation in his actions, both towards himself and others, so is he made perfect or imperfect; for life, or for death.

By the same law, the farmer cultivates his corn, and the carpenter builds his house. The farmer prepares the ground, selects the seed and plants it. Then he destroys the weeds as they appear, and permits only the corn to grow.

Man must do the same in the cultivation of the trees of the garden of his mind. He must prepare the ground by entering into a social organization that is favorable to the best growth of the highest Order of Spirits. For the seed, he must receive the truth as it is in Christ, only that being the good seed, which embodies the true law of organization. He must not permit any habit, or custom, or propensity, or appetite, to grow up in him which is not of Christ. All his labor must be directed by that law by which Christ is developed. This will keep the ground mellow by constant acts of love, and intimate social intercourse, that it may give nourishment to all the good seed that all may grow up in truth together, as a field of wheat. He will constantly water with the doctrines of Heaven, and will look to God for the increase, which he brings in due time. He makes the corn to grow by a way that man does not yet understand, and still it grows and brings forth a harvest according as it has been cultivated by the farmer. So man grows up, changing from a material nature into a spiritual; and this in accordance with the cultivation he has received. He changes but he knows not how. This is the working of God in him.

Creation will advance by the instrumentality of man, until all things are formed in Christ. But should he universally reject the law of Christ, then would he destroy himself by descending into the earth, which will dissolve, sinking into the sea. But this may not be. God, for the sake of Christ, whom he loves as himself, and who is his own Son, now already born in man, will save and perfect the work he has begun. Christ in us is therefore our propitiation.

If the works of man be by the law of Christ, then will he progress in the organic structure of his body according to Christ; he will rise up out from the deathness of Adam into life everlasting, being filled with the spirit of Heaven. His organism, both individual and social, will be perfect, as a pure crystalization; the stone, elect, precious, that has no decay, and which is cut out of the mountain without hands. This body of organization, this Brotherhood, will increase to fill the whole earth, and God will tabernacle with man, being manifest in all his works.

XII. LIGHT IS A REVELATION OF THE LAW OF ORGANIZATION, WHICH LAW IS TRUTH.

LIGHT is revealed by a developing organization. It is the inspirations of the spirit, for the spirit is as a burning candle in the temple of Mind. Each of the four Orders of Creation have Spirit corresponding with the Order. In the material form of creation it is known as electricity; in man it is known as Spirit. So there are two Orders of Material Electricity, or Spirit; and two of Spiritual Electricity, or Spirit. There are, therefore, two Orders of Light in each general form of Creation, the Material and Spiritual. These are the "lesser and greater" lights. In the hieroglyphic record of Moses it reads, "And God said let there be light and there was light." This refers to the first Period of an Order of Creation, wherein there is developed the new Order, but only in its infantile form. The active spirit of the Order is the light of it, for by it the law is revealed and the body acts. In the fourth Period of Creation, and first of the Animalic Order, this Order is revealed a new and more complete revelation of the law of God, and consequently a "greater light" as the former and Earthie Order is the "lesser" light.

In the advent of the Adamic Order we have the lesser light of the spiritual world, and in the advent of Christ on the fourth Period, and first of the Christic Order, the greater light appears. John calls it the "true light" which could not be comprehended by the surrounding darkness: by the Adamic mind.

There is no light in man except by the Spirit, and the light agrees with the character of the Spirit. The light of Adam, when compared with that of Christ, is as night is to the day; and descending into the lower Orders darkness is more intense, but it is a light after its own Order.

The inspirations of the animal spirits can reveal none of the law of God above their own Order; nor can the spirit of Adam give inspirations revealing things above himself, but in Christ the Spirit is as God, the Father, and can, therefore, reveal all the law of God, and is the "true light."

As the light fills the sphere, the center of which is the candle, so does the light of the Spirit fill its sphere. Man sees into the future as far as into the past and with equal clearness; the world is lighted up around him. But the greatness of the sphere of his light depends upon the Order of the Spirit, and the clearness with which he sees is according to his age, or maturity of development. For the child does not understand things as

his father does, although both may look upon the same; but when the child becomes a man, then will he understand and see as clearly as his father. So it is with man in Christ; Christ in Infancy looks forward to Manhood, but has not perfect understanding as the Father. He looks backward to the birth of Adam, and to the beginning of the world, and in the sphere of his light he sees its perfection. As he progresses, the light grows brighter with the age of the Spirit and he will rise into perfect day, when all things past will be as present; and that which now is mystery will be made clear as day.

XIII. A THEOMACHY AND THEOCRACY.

THE social Order in the day of each Period is a Theocracy, in which the moral law holds the supremacy. It is day because there is organic action and progressive development in the highest Order. When these cease, then the light ceases to flow and the night sets in.

The social Order of the night is a Theomachy, in which the law of the lower Orders prevails above the moral. The sensual law is supreme. In this order of society God is not received as king.

The Theocracy is a luminous body, radiating the law of heaven. In all the works of man, he reveals the law, and it is a light to them that are in darkness,—to the Adamic mind. He reveals it because his actions are governed by the law of heaven.

The Theomachy is darkness, because man, in his social relations, and in his actions, does not make manifest the law of heaven. He acts by another law—and is animated by another spirit, below the spirit of Christ, who is asleep, or dead, and buried beneath the earthiness of man's spirit.

In the Theocracy, there are inspirations of the Spirit increasing in clearness according to the progress of creation.

Under a Theomachy, these inspirations cease. Man knowing his own darkness, preaches the inspirations of the past day, and thus reflects the light, as the moon. But the organic law of society being opposed to the society of the day, all is confusion and indistinct. There is no consistency between the preaching and the practice of man. But when the morning comes and the night is turned into day, then they who are asleep in Christ will rise up with a new order of society, a Theocracy, which Moses calls the Garden of Eden.

XIV. MAN IS SPIRIT.

THE material body is but an encasement, in which the man is begotten and formed unto birth, and which gives nourishment up to manhood. The spiritual nature is revealed in Christ; that is, that which is the true body of Spirit is Christ. This man, Christ, first appeared in Jesus of Nazareth.

There is the man, Adam, whose spirit is of a lower order, but Christ is the second, and the true man; in Christ alone can man develop his true spiritual form.

He will grow up out of his earthy body; changing from the material into the spiritual form, by degrees, to man, slow and imperceptible, as the growth of the body. But when the Periods are considered then the progress is understood. Jesus Christ was a true, spiritual being. In his material form, he was full of the Holy Ghost, full of spirit, as a grape is full of juice.

To this same spiritual fulness is man progressing, and at the close of the day, the true development will arise. Men, as Jesus, will be born; mothers, as Mary, will conceive by the power of the spirit; for, in all the advent of Jesus he is a witness to the truth—to what man will attain if he obey the law of Christ. But in the second development the revelation will be in greater power, as the Childhood is greater than Infancy.

Jesus says to his disciples that they need not marvel at his works, for they, that is, man, should see greater works than those done by him. The power of the Spirit will increase with the progress of Man until all power is received, for to the Son all power is given.

In Christ there is no death. In so far as Man is formed in Christ is he free from the seeds of corruption; for God does not suffer his Holy One to see corruption.

In the perfection of the Christic organism, man will be filled with the spirit of truth, and will fully be formed in the "image and likeness of the Father." God will then have created his people and his law will be within in their heart. Man will labor by the wisdom and power of the Father, and the Father will be revealed in him.

Jesus Christ was not subject to corruption, for his whole organism was purified from the sensual power. Satan had no power to persuade him in any degree. Had he not been put to death, he must have passed out of this form of life by translation as Elijah did. He would dissolve into spirituality, and no longer be cognizable to the sensual perceptions of man. But though put to death the spirit changed the body, for there was no corrupting matter in it.

The body, in which the man spiritual is developed, is the man material, and is first a creature of sense—without the Intellectual or Moral. He is then governed by the law of Sense in all things. but the Man is born when Adam, *i.e.* the Intellectual, appears; and he is perfected in the Manhood of Christ.

Bliss the purest, most exquisite,
 Ever has a shade of pain,
 And the fairest hopes that visit
 Human hearts must fade again.
 Then seize the moments as they hasten by,
 And sip their golden pleasures ere they fly.

VII.

THE SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

AN EDITORIAL *RAP-SODY*.

ONCE, within our sanctum cozy, as we pondered, dull and dozy,
 Over many a contribution such as ne'er was seen before,—
 While we nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As if some one gently "rapping," underneath our chamber floor.
 "'T is some devil," did we mutter, savagely as we could utter,
 "After copy ;—yet how came he underneath our chamber floor ?
 "This it must be—nothing more."

We remember clearly, very, that it was in January,
 And the snow flew herry-skerry over mountain and o'er moor ;
 Horribly we feared the morrow—vainly we had sought to borrow
 Funds enough to quench the sorrow of our landlord, if no more ;
 Him to whom we owed at least a quarter's board-bill, if no more ;
 Three month's certain, if no more.

And the desultory shaking of the windows which were quaking
 In the blast whose strength was making havoc also with our door,
 Filled us—thrilled us with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
 So that now, to still the beating of our heart, we sat repeating
 "'T is a devil or a bailiff underneath our chamber floor ;
 That it is, and nothing more."

Presently our soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
 "Constable" said we "or devil, we your absence do implore ;
 But in fact you caught us napping, and so gently you came "rapping"
 And so civilly came tapping underneath our chamber floor,
 That we scarce can think you after cash or copy" ;—here the floor
 Rattled louder than before.

For the "noises" listening keenly, for some time we sat serenely,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before ;
 But no human word was spoken, and the silence was unbroken
 By the strange, mysterious token we alluded to before ;
 Save the rattling of the windows and the slamming of our door,
 We of "noises" heard no more.

No more cause for fear discerning, our attention we were turning
From the "rapping" when another came, and louder than before ;
"Surely" said we, "surely that is very strange ; some naughty rat is
Making free, perchance, with what is not his own, beneath our floor ;"
And we very nearly swore.

To our "proof" again returning, all our soul with anger burning,
Soon the "rapping" was repeated and we thought we heard a snore ;
And an error in our "paging" nothing of our wrath assuaging,
With a temper fiercely raging as it never raged before,
Up we started in a frenzy like insanity, and tore—
But our dressing gown--no more.

When, with many genuflections in all possible directions,
Straight a shadowy, misty form seemed rising slowly through the floor ;
Many a queer obeisance made he ; then, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched upon a stool that stood on three high legs before our door ;
Stool where ghost ne'er sat before.

This eccentric ghost, beguiling all our vexed soul into smiling,
By the grave, grotesque decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though a form thou dost inherit," said we, "claiming little merit
As to grace, yet tell us, spirit, wandering from the Nightly Shore,
Tell us what thine ugly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore."
He replied, "I have a score."

Much we marveled this ungainly ghost to hear discourse so plainly
Though its answer little truth, we thought, or signs of breeding wore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was cursed with seeing such a spiritual bore ;
Such a spirit perched upon the stool before his chamber door,
And with cognomens a score.

But the spirit still beguiling all our vexed soul into smiling,
Straight we sat a crazy chair in front of ghost and stool and door,
Then, upon it gently sinking, we betook ourself to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous ghost of yore,
Meant, in rising through the floor.

"Spirit!" said we, "thing of evil!—spirit, still, if ghost or devil!
Whether tempest-sent, or whether tempest-tossed thee here ashore,
Wretched, and yet uncomplaining, still upon our stool remaining,—
On this crazy stool remaining,—tell us truly, we implore,
Can you—can you lend us money?—tell us truly, we implore!"
Quoth the spirit, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, ghost or fiend," we shrieked, upstarting;
 "Get thee back into the tempest, or beneath our chamber floor !
 Leave no shadow as a token of the word that thou hast spoken ;
 Leave our poverty unbroken ; quit the stool before our door !
 Take thyself from out our chamber ;—take thy presence from our door !"
 Said he, "When you pay my score."

'Tis the ghost of some poor debtor, of his promise a forgetter
 While on earth, and who the fetter of that bondage ever wore ;
 Wretched with his past misgiving, he is "guardian" of the living
 Who are subject to the same infirmity he knew before ;
 Haunting thus their private presence with his miserable essence
 To annoy them, if no more.

And the spirit, never flitting, still is sitting,—still is sitting,
 On the three legged stool precarious just before our chamber door ;
 Till we feel the "revelation" of the wondrous visitation
 Brightening up like all creation our awakened sight before,
 That "bad spirits" are a nuisance in each form they ever wore,
 To be countenanced no more.

VIII.

LEAVES FROM LIFE.*

OUR readers will bear with us, if we allow father Time to move his great wheel round and round, while we follow in the track and mark the changes he hath wrought.

We care not to place on record recollections of state, the diagnosis of national disease, or the most approved method of treatment ; whether innovating hydropathy or orthodox allopathy, would best promote convalescence, or even venture to suggest that the "dear people" have less to fear from the disease itself, than from the undue care of the doctors politic, who with so fat a patient to prescribe for, must necessarily find a course of depletion necessary.

An humbler labor we would attempt, one that oft proves more difficult than the management of state craft. We would try to unravel the labyrinth of human events in their relation to individual character ; to measure, as well as our imperfect instruments will admit, the bearing of circumstances upon the development of mental power.

* Continued from page 26.

"Shall I disturb you, Mrs. Jameson, if I come in now?" "O no—I am just done. See, Estelle, do you like this?" And she turned the canvas so that the light fell softly upon the sketch. Estelle gazed upon it intently, her eyes moistened, and the beaded drops fell fast—her lips quivered as she exclaimed, "it is Ernest, I know; poor, poor Ernest, as he was that dreary night. How could Mr. Duncan have turned him adrift, friendless and alone as he was! Blanche pleads for him in vain." "Gracie had loved him," she said, "and he could not have done any thing so wrong. There he sits upon the cold stones, but not so cold as their hearts that sent him forth. He had wandered round until hope failed him, and he would have died, but he knew he was innocent, and they would one day be sorry for the wrong they had done. That thought is in his eye, and half dries the tears that are blinding them. How could *you* get that look! And just by the open door is the noble man that chanced to see his grief, and took him in his office, unfriended and seemingly guilty as he was. But for him, what would have become of poor Ernest! What would he say to this? It is a long time since then, but he can never forget that night."

"It is yours, Estelle, if you like," said Mrs. Jameson, "designed for your birth-day, and many returns of it may we spend together as happily as to-day."

"Mine! indeed! thank you a thousand times. If grandfather could *only* see it! You can hardly believe how well and strong he is since Ernest was here. He seems almost as young as I; but Mrs. Lee is so kind and gentle, and talks to him so cheerily, it is no wonder. Do n't you love her, Mrs. Jameson?"

"Yes, Estelle, Mrs. Lee is a noble woman. I knew that she was quiet and gentle, that though diffident and retiring, she was ever to be found by the bedside of the sick and dying;—that often and often, she has followed alone the corse of the pauper to its burial place—often stood by the open grave, when there were not enough even to lower the coffin. But I did *not* know until accident revealed it, that she is as intelligent as she is good; that besides the discharge of her womanly duties, she had found time to acquire a thorough knowledge of natural science, and this from a pure love of more ennobling pursuits.

"It is as much more remarkable, because so few women, especially those with family cares, ever allow their thoughts to wander forth in search of the beautiful and true in nature, much less attempt to acquire knowledge that would open to them a new world with a central sun as much more radiant and glorious than our terrestrial orb, as mind in its upward reach may rise above matter.

"Of the young, the affluent of our sex, who may command leisure for nobler pursuits, how many there are, who know absolutely *nothing* of life in its higher sense. There are *too* many, whom we can hardly expect to rise above the grinding necessity for stern labor, for the bread that is to keep them alive. But it pains one to the heart to see so many of good native powers, surrounded 'by all appliances and means to boot,' spending

their brief summer day in hot pursuit of gilded butterflies. Is it that the mind needs to battle with overwhelming odds to produce concentration of energy and purpose, that the neglected child of toil and want, oft outstrips the favored one of fortune, and though halting and feeble at the beginning of the race, is first at the goal? For *this* more than any other do I know Mrs. Lee, that she has ventured boldly, but silently, to pass beyond the pale of fashion, that she might satisfy the longings of her better self. And for *this* must all true men and women know her, that this has been done, and yet no true womanly duty left undone.

"In many a lad now struggling manfully against wind and tide in his efforts for a higher life, was the Promethean spark first kindled by Mrs. Lee in casually directing his attention to some of the interesting phenomena of nature. One New Year's morning, the most bleak and dreary of the season, Mrs. Lee heard a rap at the back door. On opening it, there stood a little colored boy, gladly waiting with his 'happy New Year,' and a basket of fresh water shells, his gift, that he had been that stormy morning to the creek and dug up. The winter before he had been in, on an errand, when his hands were numb with cold, and she had given him a pair of nice, warm mittens, from a supply she had knit for such purposes. He, seeing some shells lying about, had inferred that he might in this way express his gratitude. Mrs. Lee, trying to think of some fitting return, asked him if he would not like a pair of mittens? 'O no!' he exclaimed, holding up his hands, 'they are *all* whole yet, that you gave me before,' and sure enough they were.

"O, I would like to grow old, with such pleasant remembrances to cluster round my pathway, as will give *youth* to her decline of life! But come, Estelle, now for our ramble,—to the oak woods first, and then along the river's bank homeward, just in time may be to see the gleaming of the quivering sunset hues upon its restless waters. See, *see*, how carefully Towser balances the basket, as much as to say 'come, the lunch, the lunch.' But look ye, shall I trust you with our bouquet? What say you, Estelle, won't it prove too tempting a bit? for dogs, as well as 'holy men,' are *sometimes* fond of 'dainty cheer.'"

"O no! There never was an honest dog, was there, Towser? He is true as steel, as grandfather says. He *knows* you doubted him. See, how indignantly he turns to me to repel the charge. No, *no*, Mrs. Jameson, not a shadow of suspicion rests upon his fair fame. He would die of very shame to be thought *capable* of naughty pranks like other dogs. There, Towser, will that do? How modest! See how embarrassed he is at hearing his own praises. He turns his head as if to say we had better change the subject, and so we will. Come Towser, over the fields, and away we will go."

And now, while they are away, we will give our readers a formal introduction to Mrs. Jameson, (begging her pardon for the liberty) by telling them all we know of her history.

First, her place of nativity was somewhere in the Quaker state, where the maidens are pretty and the matrons staid. In her infancy, she passed

through most of the trials that infant flesh is heir to, and met with many a hair-breadth escape in attempting to rise upon her tottering feet and stand erect.

Secondly—a mild, gentle mother, and a father of sterner will, were the guardians of her childhood. A few words usually tell the story of a woman's life—she lived—she loved—she died. True, there are changes here and there—cares and griefs, full many a bitter pang from trust betrayed—love unrequited—children erring, and the like. But her life in the main is a noiseless one; her duties are the quiet ones of home. True, she may reign supreme on the domestic throne, but the realm is limited. Her sacrifices are the unobtrusive ones that men's tongues *never* herald. Her cares from the nature of the case, rest mainly upon externals—food, clothing, and a pleasant grouping of the useful and ornamental as necessary to make the fireside attractive, as a bright sunshine to lure into the fields and wood lands; a sympathy with the troubles of the young, and cares for their continual wants; these, with the claims of society as it now is, must fill the great part of a woman's time. And what is there in *these*, ever varying yet the same phases of her day—her year—her life—that the pen of the historian chronicles, or the philosopher *even* dreams of?

These and kindred duties are a continual tax upon woman's affections, and demand for their discharge, the keenest sympathy and the utmost delicacy of feeling. Her childish education, as preparatory to her future career, developed her sympathies at the expense of her reason. Parents and teachers, seeing *only* the call for sacrifices of self in woman's life, show a marked difference in their treatment of children under their care.

The boy is allowed to indulge in active play—to develop and give freedom and vigor to his muscles, out of doors; and in the school room, by fireside, in the street, the shop, on the farm, every where, is continually impressed with the importance of sound judgment and wise discrimination. He is drilled in the severer sciences, that his rational powers may be strengthened and matured for riper years—is taught that to shed tears is girlish—that a man *must* be brave, and let no obstacles daunt him in his career—that he may carve his name as high as *he* chooses in the temple of fame—that he is the arbiter of his own fortune, and needs but the strong will and vigorous act, to gather her choicest favors. Where is the lad *thus* taught, who passes through life without “leaving foot-prints on the sands of time?”

The little girl is given a doll, and taught to dress it—mimic cups and saucers, taught to prepare the mimic feast and eat it—is told that she is very pretty, and shown her little face in the glass to prove it—if tempted by strong natural impulse into the warm sunshine, to run, laugh, and shout forth her buoyant life, she is told that it is vulgar to romp—her skin will be spoiled—her clothes torn—it's boyish and coarse—nobody can love a freckled, sun-burnt girl. *This* proves the stronger argument, for her little heart already craves its fitting aliment, and throbs gladly with every kind word and look.

At home, at school—day after day—the same lesson is taught. If she

be wild and shrewd, (no *uncommon* thing,) she may pass the year without a lesson learned. If she require stimulus to arouse her dormant powers, it is all the same. O, it will not pay—she is but a *girl*, soon a woman—of what help, *then*, in making bread, or mending clothes, will all this dull study be to her. The girl proves an apt scholar, and learns as much from example as precept. She sees her mother busied with household cares, or in the eager pursuit of social pleasure—if pretty, she is flattered—if homely, frowned upon—taught that to dress well, move gracefully, and please in society, are the chief accomplishments of woman—to marry well—that is, to rise in the fashionable scale by wedding a man with a stylish air and gay equipage, (though there be *little* of the man about him, “for a’ that,”)—is taught, I repeat, that to marry well is her chief end; that all the rest is ordained by the powers that *be*. Add to these, the influence of the books that are thrown in her way, *love potions* in their effects, where the maidens are all *Houries*, with lovers a plenty, but fortune adverse, using some crabbed guardian or silly old aunt, to mar the lover’s felicity; they have a thousand hair-breadth escapes—and are upon the brink of despair, when lo! the poor aunt dies, or the guardian relents, and they pass quietly into *common* life. Where is the girl thus taught, who will fail to be beguiled by the first love song poured in her ears? Her affections have been prematurely developed, while her judgment has been left dormant. Can we wonder then, at runaway matches—at the Gretna Greens of lovers—or further, can we wonder that many a wife, and mother even, wearied with the monotony of her every day life, should fall an easy prey to the reckless adventurer? Knowledge gives power to *resist* temptation as well as to overcome obstacles. Man is strong only as he learns to know himself, and the multiplied influences pressing upon him, both spiritual and physical. And so it must be with woman. It is not by dwelling upon woman’s rights—by *wasting* breath in defining her true sphere, that society is to be bettered. It is by developing to the utmost the faculties the God of Heaven has given her—by opening to her the inmost, the highest life—the *life of the soul*.

Are we told of her inquisitive spirit, her readiness to herald the faults and sport with the defects of others? Grant it. Are we told of her nonsensical love gibberish, her love of dress, of baubles—her emptiness of head and lightness of purpose? Grant it. But hark ye! Ere probing the wound, have ready the healing application.

And do we, when told these bitter truths, need to write helplessly? No—we *have* the remedy—*self-culture*. Would that it might be engraved in letters of gold, on every woman’s heart throughout our land. By *this* only, can we rise superior to circumstance and fortune. Thought not only raises man above the brute, but proves him created in the image of his Maker. Thought *must* ennoble woman’s mind, ere she knows what it is to live. The oft repeated assertion, that a learned woman is most *unlovable* is a mere figment. Other things being equal, the more harmonious the development of the will and understanding, the *truer*—the *purser* the wife; the more *devoted* and *ennobling* the mother—the happier the

better, both hostess and guest. Thought alone can teach her the dignity of labor—that no condition, no employment degrades—that no matter how trivial the duty, if a necessary one, its discharge may alike give and return happiness; that she lives to eat and drink in *more* senses than one: that the chiefest food to be prepared, is sustenance for her inmost life.

Would ye in truth, ameliorate the condition of woman, labor to turn the tide of prevailing opinion. Let public sentiment demand *intelligence* as well as refinement and delicacy in female character, and a brighter day will dawn upon her race.

But to return to our friend Mrs. Jameson, or Mary C. that was. Her mother allowed her to roam at will, amid the wild scenery about them, and little Mary, naturally imaginative, soon learned to love the soft breath of the virgin spring, the beautiful dress of gay summer, the gorgeous tints of autumn, and the sad grandeur of storm-loving winter. To this, her father did not object, provided alway she had first discharged certain household duties, that formed her share of the daily labor, for he intended his daughter, (as he claimed for every woman) should be well versed in the various departments of household labor. No matter, he argued, her condition in life—she would need either to apply this knowledge herself, or direct others in its application.

Quite right, was good Deacon C. in that—though we confess, we think he erred in another point. He was not an educated man himself; he feared, moreover, the mischiefs much knowledge might cause. He was strengthened in his opinion by the oft-recurring instances of perverted wisdom that came under his cognizance, as forgery and the like. Having gathered a competency by his own efforts, he rather feared the innovating tendencies of the age—was shy of *isms*, and slow to respond to the many calls made for educational purposes. For instance, as Trustee of the public school, his influence went in favor of young teachers, who from *over* modesty, or *under* skill, bid low; though in his last years, he reasoned himself into the belief, that a competent teacher with a good salary, was cheapest in the end. He was scrupulously honest in his deal, and thought more of his word, than most men *now-a-days* of their bond. Besides, he was a strict religionist, with his faith as firmly rooted, as the oak on the mountain side.

Mary felt the influence of her father's character, both for good and ill. His conservative views of education, made her chance of securing a proper one rather small. The few books she had access to in her father's house were mainly controversial, theological of course—and but for the freedom of her out of door life, and a kind friend who now and then loaned her a book, poor Mary would have suffered sadly.

But the sky, the woods, the river that wound its serpentine path through the neighboring ravines—the birds, the air, even, became to her as books. Strange it is, how many voices, untutored as she was, she heard in nature. Scarce a step, at least, could she take in her rambles, but a moss-covered stone, or petalled flower would find a tongue to reveal some truth.

While rambling, she often met the young Indian girls belonging to a

neighboring tribe—between some of them and herself, an intimacy was formed. Mary learned to talk with them in their native language—and taught them many useful arts. They in turn, in their wild, impressive way, related many a pathetic legend of hapless Indian maids and generous braves—the traditions of their tribe—their trophies—their prowess—the encroachments of the pale face, and his traitorous friendship. They taught her to trim the gay moccasin—weave baskets and stain them with native pigments. To this may be traced the embryo of her love of painting.

But while we have been telling our readers thus much, Mrs. Jameson and Estelle have wandered far away in the green woods, and now quite tired with scrambling over brushheaps and racing with Towser—have set down to rest, upon that old trunk felled by the last tempest, close by yon sunny dell—aye, sunny—for see! the green drapery of those topmost boughs, sways gently to and fro—and admits those delicious rays of sunlight, falling aslant the mossy bank. We are strongly tempted to add ourselves to the party and hear the story from her own lips—for I see plainly Estelle has been asking it, in so winning a way, she cannot refuse. So if you please, kind readers, we will perch us on the broad limbs of this overhanging tree, and drink in with listening ears the sad recital.

IX.

THE PRESIDENT STORIES.

BY CHARLES ACTON.

RAVELINGS FROM A TANGLED SKEIN.

CHAPTER IV.

ARCHIBALD N. WOLVERINGTON.

YES, I began to doubt. Determined as I was to disbelieve all and everything of the suspicions which had been hinted to me—strongly as judgment and taste deprecated the thought of passion on the part of a woman I had never wooed—still the possibility would force itself upon my mind, and trouble with its presence the quiet joy of our friendship.

Had I not suspected the supposed engagement which I had hinted to Leaming, the matter would have assumed a very different aspect. My affections were in a state to be easily influenced. My regard for Fanny

was one which I felt *might* be ripened into a state of far greater intensity. Besides the friendship existing between us, which was in itself a highly respectable affair, as the world goes, there was intuitively felt and acknowledged, on the part of each, a pleasure attending our social intercourse such as is rarely experienced. It needed, with me, only the consent of judgment, to create from such materials an approved structure of *passion*. That consent, judgment could not give for various reasons, including the one mentioned.

To make the case at all clear, I must develop a new relation, and, in so doing, introduce a new character; one as easily recognizable by you as any I have yet mentioned, and who must of necessity become somewhat conspicuous in this narrative. This is the man whom I looked upon as the accepted lover of Fanny Collins; Archibald N. Wolverington.

I could say a great many things respecting Wolverington which I will not say. I shall introduce only so much of the description of any person into this narrative, as shall be necessary for the development of its principles. Of Wolverington, in particular, I would say little; nothing, could I avoid it, to his disparagement. Yet my present duty demands of me the utterance of truth, and I shall sacrifice even the strong feeling of regard, nursed by years of intimate friendship, to the stern necessity of the occasion.

Yes, he was an old—an intimate friend. An acquaintance originating under circumstances rendering *me* peculiarly susceptible to kindness and social regard from strangers, acquired additional interest from incidents connected with other acquaintances of my own, and finally ripened into a friendship such as none can feel many times during life. I admired his genius, and was blinded, for a time, by many noble qualities of heart, to others of an opposite nature, which were developed by farther acquaintance. I imagined that I saw in him the outline of a *man*; one in whom time and culture would produce the fulness of manly excellence. I believed that the substratum of selfishness, which I soon discovered as underlaying his nature, would become penetrated by his noble qualities, quickened by the influences of association and the age, till all mingled in a generous and well-balanced union.

Of my own general plans, you know something. Speaking in the undisguised presence of friendship, I may say that their general aim has never been selfish. I have been accused, by those imperfectly acquainted with my history and feelings, of ambition; the mistake is too gross to trouble me. Those who know me better, are aware that such is far from being the tendency of my actions. My dislike for the ordinary aims of life, deepens into actual disgust. It ever gives me more pleasure to advance the interest of an *appreciating* friend, than my own. I grant that a vein of selfish feeling is visible here; to sacrifice on the altar of friendship, and have the oblation dishonored, rouses within me the darkest and bitterest impulses.

You will not be surprised that I was frequently shocked by the absence, in Wolverington, of certain higher and finer qualities which I had expected

to see brought out. But my friendship was ardent and resolved upon effecting its object.

I may not enter upon details. A few facts must suffice. I initiated this man into a sphere which I hoped would educate him into the being I had contemplated. This sphere was one of pure influences and generous motives. By doing this, I incurred immediate censure from others, whose judgment differed from my own. But no matter: I looked with an eye of friendship; I had a strong faith to sustain me. From that moment, I became his defender against the just criticisms of his compeers. He, himself, gentlemen, has not the most distant suspicion of the frequency or warmth with which I have been called upon by my regard for him, to assume the attitude of his defender, against the energetic censures which his own weaknesses and errors have called out. There are those present who will bear me evidence.

I sought to secure him place and honors, and succeeded. I saw that his associations were working the change of disposition I anticipated; I was only troubled that the change was not more rapid. I also saw, what I had *not* anticipated, that time and these very influences, were developing other qualities which it made me sad to contemplate. Long since, I discovered traits which awakened in my mind the liveliest fears of eventual shipwreck to the whole man. These fears were not vain. I saw that the idea of *self* was ever present; though hidden from ordinary scrutiny by a becoming modesty of manner, yet an intimate association revealed it in startling distinctness. I saw that energy of will was not so much latent as wanting. I finally came to know—and that knowledge brought its own punishment of pain—that he lacked the power of self-dependence; of boldly meeting the *crisis* of misfortune—the self-sustaining spirit of the martyr on the rack or amidst the flames: There was no *depravity* in this; it was only a weakness; but a weakness how lamentable!

This, then, is about the point at which our acquaintance had arrived previous to the developments I am now to make. My confidence in his power of influencing society, or even of carrying himself forward into the front rank of his fellow men, where it was his ambition to be, had dwindled to a very slight hope; but my friendship was unabated. No evidence of *mere* weakness could shake *that*.

I must here say a word relative to his supposed connection with Fanny Collins. Whatever may have been his regard for her previous to the period to which I am about to allude, I am certain that my own counsel first suggested to him the idea of a serious attachment. At that time, my opinion of him was of a somewhat higher character than afterwards, and my acquaintance with her much more limited. Still, the suggestion was half in jest, and it was an occasion of some surprise to me to observe that it produced an effect. This effect, to be sure, was never acknowledged; in fact, it was always denied; but my own observation had supplied me with materials for judging, against which any ordinary assertion would have little weight. I also judged that it would be but transient, from many views which I knew him to possess, entirely at variance with such a result.

I shall allude to but one period more. Then, when the subject, with kindred ones, was forced upon the attention of us both, he affirmed, with, apparently, the most candid and solemn adjurations, that he could never entertain such a design; that circumstances rendered it impossible. His attention, he even said, was directed another way, and that way he indicated. These seemingly sincere assertions, coming from a man in whose integrity of spirit I had entire confidence—made in such a friendship as ours, and without any conceivable object for deception—would alone have won my confidence, and induced belief. But he farther went on to speak of her in terms such as I conceived no man could use towards the woman he loved; terms which called from myself an indignant protest. And farther still, he concluded by urging me, with every appearance of sincerity, to marry her myself: a consummation which, he insisted, he *knew* I could easily effect if I chose, and which, he adduced various arguments to show, would be eminently proper. With this last counsel I was simply amused, being untouched by either argument or earnestness, and having good reasons of my own for a contrary opinion. But the result of the interview was, an abandonment, on my part, for the time being, of my suspicions.

It was sometime before any circumstance again occurred to excite my curiosity. Then, it was with a mingled feeling of pleasure and anxiety, that I learned what amounted, as nearly as possible, to conviction of a regard on the part of both, much stronger than I had before supposed. This did not imply dishonesty in him; it might be a feeling of subsequent growth to the interview just mentioned. But I feared for the result. I well knew the temporizing and miserable policy which he professed relative to such matters, and my regard for her suggested the apprehension that he might trifle to the ultimate detriment of her peace of mind.

Occupied, however, as my mind was by business, I thought but little of the matter except when some circumstance occurred to bring it to memory. Not till the hints let fall by my friends, did I turn my attention seriously to it.

Then, I encountered perplexities which I cannot describe. My confidence was unbounded in the honor and good faith of Wolverington and Fanny, and the sincerity and penetration of the three friends whose conversations I have detailed; and the results of all my reasonings were of a character utterly diverse and unsatisfactory. With all this, something in the manner of Wolverington drew my attention. He seemed unwontedly guarded in his mention of Fanny; instead of the readiness he had before manifested to speak of her, there was a suspicious shyness which indicated more than was intended to meet the eye.

I shall crowd the events of considerable time into small space. My association with her continued as usual; her kindness of manner seeming to increase from day to day, continued to excite in myself sensations of gratitude and esteem. But at the moments when I felt most conscious of the strength of her regard for me, I never, in my most secret soul, imagined that regard to exceed the bounds originally set for it.

X.

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

IN the widely extended and diversified field of literature, embracing the speculations of the great poets, philosophers, historians, orators and statesmen, whose productions have been embalmed and consecrated by the universal suffrage of the civilized world, the collective wisdom, and ideal beauty of the Past—its stern and sober realities, its highest aspirations, its loftiest conceptions of truth and duty, of excellence and sublimity; are spread out before us, with a profusion and an universality never before equaled in the annals of the race. No circumstances, however straitened; no employment, however humble and menial—no profession or occupation, however laborious or engrossing—now interferes an insuperable barrier to the study of these noblest specimens of the human intellect. Wherever the taste for their appreciation, the desire for their possession, or the disposition to profit by their surpassing lessons of wisdom and virtue, exist, the most abundant means for its immediate and permanent gratification have been provided, though the unparalleled advancement of the mechanical arts and sciences, and the enlightened liberality of governments, and public and private institutions of every description.

To the individual desirous of ascertaining, from the stand-point to which the most enlightened nations of the civilized world have succeeded in attaining, the precise extent and value of the several discoveries in science and the arts, and of proceeding upon that firm and comprehensive basis to still further and deeper exploration in whatever direction new discoveries are practicable or new principles attainable, no greater service could be rendered than to present to his view, distinctly and clearly, a faithful outline of the elementary principles of each branch of science, and of the ultimate results to which these principles have been carried, or are legitimately susceptible of being carried in all the various departments of abstract and practical knowledge to which they relate. The efficient performance of such a task, however, would, it is obvious, require a combination of intellectual expansion and acuteness with indefatigable industry, and minute and discriminating research, rarely to be found in any single individual; and if attainable, the object in view may, after all, be more thoroughly and satisfactorily accomplished by leaving the student patiently and systematically to trace for himself the progress from infancy to maturity of each science, and to deduce its fundamental principles, ascertained results and prospective capabilities, from a faithful and judicious perusal of its standard expounders. For most of the practical purposes of life, however, a thorough comprehension of a few of the most general and important principles of each of the sciences, together with an accurate knowledge of the results which have been developed, and are in process

of development, from the legitimate application of these principles, will be found amply sufficient as the basis of a progressive improvement, commensurate with all the great objects of existence. To those who design to embark in any of the numerous professions, trades and specific pursuits into which our various communities are subdivided, a more minute knowledge of all that appertains to these particular branches, would of course be expected and required. And while on the one hand, this paramount devotion to the interests immediately connected with, and dependent upon, specific departments of the broad field of knowledge, need not exclude a general, and so far as it goes, an accurate acquaintance with the entire circle of the sciences, on the other, its inevitable effect will be to repress that tendency to undue generalization and superficial acquirement which is otherwise but too apt to prevail.

Whatever may be the problems which remain to be solved in the application of existing knowledge to the present and future exigencies of the race, the extent and certainty of that knowledge can admit of no doubt; and without being required to retrace any of the steps by which it was originally discovered, or to recombine any of the elements of which it has been composed, we have only to make such use of it as may best subserve the purposes we have in view, confidently relying upon the genuineness, firmness and durability of the materials thus placed at our command.

XI.

A FRAGMENT.

THE Sun has disappeared beneath the western horizon, but his golden beams linger still, tinging the small clouds with a soft and mellow light, and making all things look so calm and beautiful, that I would fain have it twilight always. But while I gaze, like all other beautiful things of earth, it fades away. This thought saddens my spirit, for it brings before my mind the image of one of the beautiful ones of earth who staid but a short time here, and then passed away to the spirit-land. O! he *was* beautiful! so beautiful that even the cold, passing stranger would stop and gaze upon him as he was engaged in his childish sports, and then turn away sighing "too beautiful for earth!" He was my darling brother—my playmate—my idol—my all on earth. Together we wended our way to the little red school house on the hill—together we conned our ~~tasks~~—together we sought pleasure when school was over; and O! what pure delight was mine when permitted to wander with him through wood and dell to cull the bright violet and the sweet lily, and when he was wearied (for he was ever a feeble child,) to seat myself on the bank of the murmuring brook and listen to him as he talked of the angels and God.

"Sister," he would say, "are the flowers really the angels' letters as you have told me? O! why cannot *my* letters be as pretty? and then I should never be weary of studying them. Who teaches the little angels to read? Does n't Jesus? It says in the Bible, when he was here he used to take little children in his arms. O! I wish he was here now! I would ask him to take me as he did them, and I would put my arms round his neck and kiss him, and ask him all about Heaven;—if they have any pretty birds there, and flowers; and if the birds sing as sweetly as ours do; and I would ask all about the little angels—who teaches them to read. Do n't you wish he was here so we could know?" Then he would wander away from me and gather his little hands full of the wild flowers that grew in profusion about us, and returning as he arranged them in *bouquets* for me, or wreathed them in my hair, would spell from them angel sentences.

But my happiness was destined to be of short duration, for scarce had my idol numbered six years when the hectic flush that mantled his cheek—the unwonted brilliancy of his eye and the hacking cough, told but too plainly that consumption had marked him for his prey. For a long time I strove to convince myself that the color was only a symptom of increasing health and strength, his cough only an effect of the sudden changes of our Northern climate; but when these no longer satisfied my anxiety, then I thought—yes I *really* thought God *would* not be so cruel as to take from me my only companion. I did not then see as I now do, that the possession of the gift caused me to forget its Giver. At last, came that sweet month of May—that month of hope and joy that clothes the earth with beauty and verdure but saddens so many hearts by calling the victims of consumption to earth's green bosom,—that month came and as it waned so did the strength of my darling Henry; and on its last day came his struggle with the mighty conqueror Death. Though the man of God was there, and did plead that his exit might be easy, yet it availed nought. But amid all his suffering he strove, as ever was his wont, to relieve the distresses of those around him. He had a kind word and a "good-bye kiss" for all. Seeing me bathed in tears, he, with a sweet smile, beckoned me to support him. As I placed myself beside him, he whispered in my ear "Do n't cry, Minny! I am going to ask God when I get to Heaven, to let you come too and there we shall be happy angels together! Now, Minny, you won't cry any, will you?"

But I must not dwell on that sad, bitter-hour; for though long years have elapsed since then, it is before me in all the vividness of a scene of yesterday. He passed away ere the sun went down, and in a few days was laid in a quiet spot in that grove in which he had so loved to wander when he was here on earth, and I was left alone; aye, *alone*. Few there are that fully understand that word. Then and there I began to learn it: as yet God has not seen fit to let me be an angel with my Henry and I am a wanderer on earth, alone. Yet I believe, if angels are ever permitted to watch over those they loved here on earth, then is Henry the guardian angel of his sister.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 18th, 1850.

MINNY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

- 1.—ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. *Designed as a text book for Academies, High Schools and Colleges.* By ALONZO GRAY, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the Brooklyn Female Academy, and author of 'Elements of Chemistry,' &c. Illustrated by three hundred and sixty wood cuts. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

WE welcome with cordiality this new candidate for public favor, because there is a healthiness about it which we too often look for in vain in our text books for schools. It is but a few years since a mania to reduce all kinds of science to the language of the nursery, seemed to take hold of most authors of school books. The standard of excellence for a time appeared to be a minimum of common sense diluted with interminable baby-talk. During this period flourished the Comstocks and Smiths of science, with their text books upon all possible subjects, while the authors themselves were utterly incapable of comprehending the most obvious principles which they attempted to teach. But these works are passing into merited contempt, and a new and higher order is appearing.

The principle seems at last to be recognized, that all sciences are not adapted to the capacity of infants, and that the design of text books is not so much to reduce study to machinery—shutting up thought and belittling mind, as to be a help to the student in his attempts to become a thorough master of the subject under contemplation.

The author of the work before us has given us a text book of principles, simple in its arrangement, clear in its method of treating a subject, and not encumbered with interminable explanations and illustrations which so often annoy a teacher and perplex a scholar. Each subject is taken up in its natural order, its principles distinctly stated, and the whole disposed of in a scientific manner.

We think the author wisely avoids discussing extensively the reasons for many of the general principles stated, as such reasons often involve a knowledge of the higher mathematics. The work is eminently an elementary one, and we think decidedly the best that has yet appeared for classes in our Common Schools and Academies, sufficiently advanced to comprehend the science. We wish to quarrel a little with the idea that it is a text book for Colleges, for we have an opinion that for such a purpose, no text book should be used that does not in *all cases demonstrate the reason of things*, and the work before us makes no pretensions of the kind.

For sale by L. W. HALL, Syracuse.

- 2.—COMPANION TO OLLENDORFF'S NEW METHOD OF LEARNING TO READ, WRITE, AND SPEAK THE FRENCH LANGUAGE; or *Dialogues and a Vocabulary*. By GEO. W. GREENE, *Instructor in Modern Languages in Brown's University*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WE commend this volume as a *Vade-mecum* to all young students of the French tongue. The dialogues are simple in construction—yet they embrace a wide range of subjects. The idiomatic hints supply a desideratum that has been long needed by the student, as those who have attempted to render French colloquy according to grammatical rules, know too well. The vocabulary preceding each conversation is a convenience, if not a novelty; it precludes the necessity of frequent reference to a more ponderous work.

WE beg teachers and students not to be frightened at the rapid increase of text books. If it is a disease, it is one which will work its own cure in good time, when its diagnosis shall have been fully established. Truly, text books multiply no faster than other novelties, and it were of foul stain upon our country if its literature should lag behind its inventions.

To be found at WYNKOOP'S.

- 3.—NEW YORK BY GAS LIGHT: *with here and there a streak of Sunshine*. By G. G. FOSTER, *author of 'New York in Slices,' &c.* New York: Dewitt and Davenport.

WE took up this book with a strong prejudice against it, originating mostly with the notices we had seen in other journals. We judged it to belong to the Bunline and Harry Hazel school of flash writing, and as such to deserve the condemnation it received.

On reading a portion of it, we changed our opinion and were induced to go through with it. If our judgment of it is correct, the aim of the author is very different from that of the worthies mentioned. We judge of such books from their *effect*; and believe that Mr. Foster's delineations are of such a character as to startle with their revelations of iniquity, at the same time that they excite no appetite for vice; but on the contrary, leave the mind impressed with disgust at such scenes, and the urgent necessity of some measures being taken towards a moral purification. If the writer is a man of bad morals and corrupt heart, he certainly has concealed them with considerable art.

- 4.—DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS, ENGINE-WORK AND ENGINEERING; *Edited by* OLIVER BYRNE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE 2d and 3d Nos. of this valuable work have appeared; in style of execution and in the manner of treating the subjects under consideration, these Nos. fully sustain the promises of the publishers, and justify our first appreciation of the design. The description of the Croton Aqueduct and the accompanying engraved illustrations, are worth more to the curious investigator than the cost of the whole work.

5.—HEARTHES AND HOMES. *A Domestic Story.* By MRS. ELLIS. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

To the admirers of the peculiar style of Mrs. Ellis, we need only say that this is by far her best work. In the form of an interesting story, she has given a complete system of Social and Domestic Philosophy, embodying the enlightened and progressive spirit of the age. She administers reproof to the vices of community, whether in high or low life, with an unsparing hand ; but reproof full of benevolence and pity. She enters the homes of the people, painting their various phases of happiness and misery, and then proceeds carefully to analyze them, showing the causes from the effects, and pointing out the manner in which the happiness can be attained and the misery avoided. Her analysis of character is also of superior order, showing an intimate acquaintance with human nature, not as it is usually portrayed in novels, but as it talks and thinks and acts in this world of ours. In the character of Dorothy we see in vivid colors the miseries of a false education, and the struggles of genius to rise above sordid things with the whole weight of society crushing it down. The pious and exemplary Ashley family, leaving the husband and father to want and destitution in the hour of adversity, we commend to the notice of some of our self-righteous brethren who make so much pretension to conscientiousness.

Dalrymple is one of the most perfect specimens of a cold-hearted, selfish man of the world ; and his rise, progress, and final transformation into a representative of a certain amount of bullion, are finely and truthfully drawn. Mrs. Lee, and her noble son Arnold, have our heartiest sympathies in their self-denying efforts to outlive the ignominy heaped upon them by the crimes and vices of the elder Lee, who sacrificed truth, principle, character, and finally life, in an insane attempt to become the greatest and most noted business man. The pure and Christian life of the single-hearted Margaret, is a picture to which we turn with constantly increasing interest. We are sure no person can carefully read this work without being essentially benefitted by it.

6.—BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE January No. of this publication, commences with a leader entitled '*The Year of Reaction*,' which evinces the true spirit of the high tory partisan, and an affinity of ideas with the dominant powers of conservative Europe. The following passage laudatory of the Austrian Monarchy and people, smacks strongly of having been written by a hireling pen to veil the infamy of a rotten and decaying dynasty :

'Yet, though thus constrained, in the last extremity, to call in the aid of the Czar, and array a hundred thousand Muscovites on the plains of Hungary, the stand thus made by the Austrian Monarchy is not the less glorious and worthy of eternal remembrance. It demonstrates what so many other passages in the history of that noble people indicate, how great is the strength and unbounded the resources, of a brave and patriotic nation, even when afflicted by the most terrible disasters ; and how uniformly Providence, in the end, lends its protection to a people who have shown themselves worthy of its blessings, by faithfully discharging their duty in a period of disaster.'

The view taken by Blackwood of the recent struggles for European liberty and

her brave defenders, may be sufficiently understood without a further quotation. To the unsophisticated admirer of republicanism, such views may seem strange; nay, incomprehensible; yet true to the natural instincts of the possessor of power, and subservient to the purposes of king-craft wherever its form is most repugnant to the tendencies of the age, this political gladiator works side by side though in a different arena with the Haynaus of the block and the gibbet. If it does not expressly justify the whipping of women and children, it commends the government whose agents are butcher-generals—whose instruments are the halter and the scourge—and whose victims are the sex that gives birth to heroes. We leave to the semi-barbarous, the task of reprehending such principles and their advocates, as it comes within their legitimate sphere; the Christian has duties far above those of doing battle against the social rudeness of the savage.

7.—THE GLEANER. *Containing selections from the different papers published in the Second Department of Public School No. 14, Buffalo, N. Y.*

THE first and second Nos. of this monthly paper have been handed us by Mr. Stanton, Principal of the School where it is published, and we take pleasure in saying a word for the encouragement of its conductors. To chronicle the advances of our Public Schools in all that pertains to thorough education, is at all times pleasant; and especially so when the advance is made in so important an interest as that of Literary Composition.

To manage this exercise happily, requires no little skill in the teacher of the school; and here is a point wherein Mr. Stanton has always been admirably successful. Instead of the dull and dry exercise of 'composition' as taught in most of our schools, he manages to excite an interest that transforms it into a pleasing labor, combining frequent practice with recreation from other study. This result he secures by means of the newspaper, to which the pupils become contributors, and the publicity of which, secures care in their efforts which nothing else could. We do not mean that he himself conducts the paper; this, on the contrary, is left principally to the pupils, who thus have developed other of those faculties which it is the highest duty of the teacher to educate.

The *quality* of the matter which we find in the 'Gleaner,' embraces nearly every grade, according to the different ages and ability of the writers; the former ranging from *nine* years, upwards. The articles, considering this fact, are extremely creditable, and many of them would do honor to the columns of more pretentious journals. Some verbal and grammatical errors which we notice, induce us to call the attention of the editors to the necessity of *severe criticism*, as an exercise equally important to themselves, the contributors, and the school in general. We do this in the utmost kindness, and should consider ourselves as neglecting a duty not to do so.

The appearance of the 'Gleaner' is most beautiful, giving evidence of taste and artistical skill. We cordially wish it success, and are sanguine that it will find it.

OUR REUNION.

VALENTINES.

—WHEN we have nothing to say, we usually remain silent; and this was the case with us touching St. Valentine's Day, last month. We had been sufficiently stared out of countenance by the horrible pictures in the shop windows, to become disgusted with the whole thing, and felt no disposition to sentimentalize or jest over the custom. But this month, the case is something different. We find the whilom votaries of the poor saint waxing remiss in their devotion, and like a good Christian as we hope to be considered, cannot refrain from taking up the cudgels a little in his favor. This disposition has received an additional impulse from the circumstance that he has been unusually kind to us; having presided over the sending of several of the most sensible and delicate missives ever prepared, we verily believe, under his auspices. We assure the kind saint, and the venerable heathen goddess in whose shoes he stands, if so be that she still retains any agency in such matters, of our profound gratitude and inexpressible gratification; in token of which we subjoin one of the messages in question; one which, we venture to say, is precisely and unquestionably *unlike* any Valentine ever before sent or received. We *think* it original, though we dare not vouch for it; and if we err, the fault must rest, not on us, but the unknown sender, whom the postmark would persuade us to be a resident of the city of Gotham.

MOURN not the dead! shed not a tear
Above the moss-stained, sculptured stone;
But weep for those whose living woes
Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close
In rest that has no fevered start;
Wish not to break the deep repose
That curtains round the pulseless heart.

But keep thy pity for the eyes
That pray for night, yet fear to sleep
Lest wilder, sadder visions rise
Than those o'er which they waking weep.

Mourn not the dead! 't is they alone
Who are the peaceful and the free;
The purest olive-branch is known
To twine about the cypress tree.

Crime, pride and passion hold no more
The willing or the struggling slave;

The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,
And hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venom'd blame,
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapped bier;
Some few may call upon the name,
A sigh may meet the cold, dull ear.

But vain the scorn that would offend,
In vain the lips that would beguile;
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,
Are mocked by Death's unchanging smile.

The only watch-word that can tell
Of peace and freedom won by all,
Is echoed by the tolling bell,
And traced upon the sable pall.

VALENTINE.

T. H. SAFFORD, THE YOUNG VERMONT MATHEMATICIAN.

—We still continue to hear accounts of the progress of this wonderful boy, and it seems that the early evidences he gave of almost supernatural abilities, were but faint dawnings of the present maturity of his mind. We have now less apprehension than formerly of his intellectual powers proving too active for his physical, because his bodily organs have been slowly but surely gaining strength, and his health has been generally good.

Speaking of this precocious boy, reminds us of an article which we saw some time ago in Holden's Magazine, since ascertained to be the production of James Russell Lowell, the Poet, in which an ungentlemanly and unwarrantable attempt is made to ridicule Mr. Safford, senior, by a gross caricature upon his peculiar pronunciation and language. Falsehood is also resorted to, to heighten the effect, and the whole statement is of so *loaferish* a character, that its known origin only entitles it even to contempt. We have no sentiment but commiseration for the mind, that, in the examination of the almost superhuman production of a mere child, could only notice the peculiarities of speech with which the information was conveyed.

Perhaps some of our readers will exclaim, 'O consistency, thou art a jewel!' when they learn that the following is an extract from the article in question, and when they remember that the author claims to be one of the greatest lovers of the masses in existence, is connected with the great philanthropists of Boston, and is corresponding Editor of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*:

'E., (Ralph Waldo Emerson,) has changed a good deal since his visit to England. He has become—not at all more worldly—but more of this world. The practical sense of John Bull seems to have impressed him, and he is resolved to be practical, too. His lecture on England was not good, for him. There was one thing in it that especially pleased me. He did not even allude to the people. His favorite theory (you know) is the highest culture of the individual. He would think a nation well wasted if it brought one man to perfection. Accordingly his whole view was of the upper class—their beauty, their pluck, their fine persons, their healthiness, &c. The people he clearly regarded as the dung for those fine plants. I was pleased with this, because it was so natural to E., and because we have enough who profess to see nothing but the people.'

JENNY LIND.

—THE lovers of the divine art of Song in our country, are to be regaled by the melody of the Swedish Singer. We are glad to receive the visit of an artist who has approved herself not only a child of Song, but a child of Nature;—one in whom humanity finds not only a beautiful representative, but a fearless and generous advocate: witness the stipulated provisions in her engagement with Mr. Barnum, for the privilege of singing at pleasure for our charitable Institutions.

Though we have been visited by many an artist from the Old World, we do not know that their preliminary arrangements embraced anything of the kind contemplated by the incomparable JENNY. OLE BULL's liberality was the theme of all his admirers; we doubt not the distinguished daughter of Sweden deserves a praise like that bestowed upon her older neighbor. The musical glories of the Scandinavian race have burst upon us with a brilliancy worthy the age when, as TEGNER hath it,

'The songs were loud pealing in Frithiof's hall
And the praise of his sires was the burden of all.'

We wot not where the great violinist hath gone so strangely; what *terra incognita* now echoes the more than Cremonian sweetness of his note. He has left behind him an affectionate remembrance which the advent upon our shores of the Nightingale, will enliven with one more grateful sigh from the American Heart. *Requiescat in pace!*

There is not less 'music in the souls' of the sons and daughters of Manhem* than when at the sound of the barbiton was invoked the presence of Bregé† to preside over the evening festivals. True, we hear nothing of such marvels as occurred at the bridge of Ringfalla, where Sir Peter, with his harp called from the stream his 'betrotthed bride' little Christin and her two drowned sisters.

We cannot forbear quoting a few verses from the legendary ballad; at the like of which in our youth we were wont to wonder:

'Sir Peter he spoke to his footpage so:
Now swiftly for my golden harp go!'

* * * *

'The first stroke on the gold harp he gave,
The foul ugly sprite sat and laughed on the wave.

* * * *

'Once more the gold harp gave a sound;
The foul ugly sprite sat and wept on the ground.

* * * *

'The third stroke on the gold harp rang,
Little Christin reached out her snow-white arm,

* * * *

'He played the bark from off the trees,
He played little Christin upon his knees.

* * * *

* Manhem was the ancient poetical name of Sweden.

† Bregé, the Scandinavian god of Song.

‘And the sprite himself came out of the flood,
On each of his arms a maiden proud.
My heart’s own dear!
Tell me why dost thou grieve?’

ST. CRISPIN.

—During a pleasant sojourn of a few days we enjoyed in an isolated but thriving little village on the northern shore of the Oneida Lake, we found as quiet and unobtrusive, yet gentlemanly and intelligent a population, as it has been our fortune to associate with in a long time. Really, we are so much in love with several of the faces we saw there, that it is not in our heart to envy them the beautiful location they enjoy on the margin of the blue waters that stretch east and west far into the dim distance. Yet it is not with the lake we have to do; nor with the fair faces and forms we saw mingling in the Terpsichorean Festival; nor with her on whom we made so pleasant a professional call; nor yet with the hospitable Boniface and the gentlemanly guests we met at his table; no, not with any of these do we purpose a *Reunion*; we wish to chronicle the virtues of a simple but accommodating *protégé* of the good ST. CRISPIN, whose brush and razor wrought so pleasant an improvement in our physiognomical expression.

‘Have you a barber in this village?’ we enquired of the son of mine host, as, startled at an accidental reflection from the sitting room mirror, we drew our fingers across our unseemly visage. ‘In yonder shoe-shop,’ said he, ‘you will find a man who sometimes shaves;’ at the same time indicating with his finger the location of a small building, over the door of which were painted the rude hieroglyphics emblematical of his calling.

We confess to the experience of a certain trepidation entirely incompatible with genuine manhood, (being usually very courageous,) while wending through the somewhat tortuous intervening alley and opening the only door betwixt us and him of the awl and the razor. ‘Are you a barber?’ we enquired of the only denizen of the stall, a huge brawny son of the Rhineland, whose fierce countenance had evidently long wanted an acquaintance with his own tools.

‘If I must, I must;’ was his laconic and somewhat equivocal reply, as he rose and threw aside a brogan of sufficient dimensions for his own use. By magic, or by a machinery, the secret of which in our perturbed state of mind we could not comprehend, the appendages of the shoe-shop gave place to a dozen of razors arrayed in order on a table with a full kit of tonsorial appliances. It was too late to execute the maneuver we had half planned, by which to effect an escape from the suspicious dilemma; nothing remained but to ‘take that seat’ as ordered, and watch, as we did, with unconquerable nervousness, the grim features, lowering in terrible proximity to ours. Reason, it is true, forbade the idea that he would sever the carotid artery; and had he done so, small would have been the recompense for his trouble; still it was not till he had showed himself an adept at his art, and laid down his dreaded razor for the last time, that we could reckon upon surviving the occasion. Then, we were prepared to appreciate his true merits, and believe he was one of the kindest of humanity. To say that he proved himself a perfect master, is but a poor recompence for the terrible suspicions of which he was so unjustly the object; to acknowledge the unmanly and preposterous perturbation which so disturbed our dignity, is but an inadequate penance for so foul a wrong as was inflicted.

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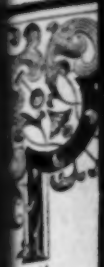
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